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THE best that can be said about Governor Cox is that he has made a more than fair Executive of Ohio. He has distinctly bettered the organization of the State, and in a progressive direction, during his three terms as Governor. As to his present program, he is opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment, and has therefore been denounced by Bryan as having "disgraced his State" and as having "fairly won the dishonor that he seeks" of being the leader of the Wets. His nomination, said Mr. Bryan, "would make the Democratic Party the leader of the lawless element of the country and his election, if such a thing were possible, would turn the White House over to those who defy the Government and hold law in contempt." But Mr. Bryan added: "There is no likelihood of his nomination"! Governor Cox is otherwise for the establishment of a Federal budget, the dropping of the excess profits tax, Federal Americanization, development of rural schools, and the extension of foreign trade through Federal Reserve branch banks abroad. On the League of Nations he has taken the compromise position adopted by the San Francisco Convention in favor of the treaty's ratification with such amendments as will not emasculate the League. International disarmament he believes to be possible only through the League's efforts. There are many independent students of politics in Ohio who declare that between Harding and Cox they will choose Harding.

THE death of Major General Gorgas will serve to make notable an Independence Day which would otherwise be remembered only for the dreary wrangling of petty politicians. His death will help to make all Americans turn with relief to the record of his achievements in order to gain fresh faith in the possibility of American greatness. As we turn our eyes from the tedious futility of the Democratic Convention, we may claim the power of sacrifice, of honest work, of vision, of scholarship as a part of the American genius. Politicians may be—politicians; but America can produce a man whom all the world claims as its own. His work in Cuba and South Africa, at Panama and Guayaquil, resulted in removing the most menacing tropical diseases and left for later administrators a permanent standard of sanitation and preventive medicine. His success in tracing the cause of yellow fever will make his name live with those of Dr. Walter Reed and Dr. Lazear, who gave their lives in the pursuit of that deadliest of germs. General Gorgas was a scientist whom all scientists respected and followed. He was a soldier whom all soldiers would do well humbly to imitate. His was the type of American that all Americans should cling to in a day when generous, uncalculating devotion to the service of mankind is like the shadow of a lost faith.

POLAND is to have a receivership. Parliamentary government disappears, and power is vested in a "National Council of Defense" headed by three generals—Pilsudski, Leszniewski, and Haller—and Poland's aptly-named Premier, Grabski. This is the outstanding news from the eastern front, despite all the misleading military bulletins sent out from Warsaw, which report local victories against the Bolsheviki as "crushing defeats" and retreats as "consolidation of the lines." England and France have led one more border state to destruction. While thousands starved, the fields have been left untilled and a great army has been taken from production and driven far across the Polish line into Russia to fight Bolsheviks at the behest of French capital and British imperialism; and our own American War Department has abetted the crime by "selling" surplus army supplies to the Polish legions, on credit terms which made the sales a virtual gift. The Polish Republic has not had a fair chance. Just as she was emerging from the wave of pogroms into which a nationalism intensified by decades of oppression had led her, she was forced by foreign interference to become the "vanguard of civilization" and the puppet of western financial interests in the war on Russia. Had it been an honest fight to defend Poland, her armies might have been inspired with a victorious fervor. Instead they started from an imperialistic frontier to drive further into hostile territory. No wonder

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if the troops lose heart; no wonder if impatient, hungry workers at home revolt when the factories close for lack of raw materials because the military monopolize the railways. Defeat may mean chaos for Poland; victory could have meant nothing better. The first condition of Polish reconstruction is peace.

POOR, proud England! "I am myself carrying out Admiral Kolchak's orders," said Winston Churchill, British War Minister, to the Czarist General Golovin; and for the delectation of history the record was preserved. A copy of Golovin's report to the Czar's Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sazonov, was left at Omsk when Kolchak fled; and the British Labor delegation has brought a copy back from Moscow to London. It reveals Churchill for what he is: a deceitful conspirator, negotiating with foreign agents and taking orders from them; deliberately misleading his chief, Lloyd George; announcing to his own people that fresh forces were being sent to Archangel to safeguard the evacuation while promising his imperial Russian friends that the evacuation would be postponed indefinitely; organizing units of Russian prisoners in Germany to fight the Bolsheviki under cover of the Red Cross; securing British money for anti-Bolshevist enterprises under false pretenses; criticizing the "disorganized Americans" at Archangel. The document is printed in the London *Daily News*, a Liberal newspaper. In any other day a cabinet minister would have to disprove such damning charges or resign. History records no dirtier mess than the anti-Russian conspiracy.

WHO would have thought that the fourteen Wilsonian points were ordered from Petrograd for the delectation of the Bolsheviki—and by that same Edgar Sisson who, then sympathetic toward the Reds, later distinguished himself as sponsor for the famous Sisson document purporting to prove that Lenin and Trotzky were German agents? Yet such is the ineluctable deduction from the official documents assembled by the League of Free Nations Association in the volume "Russian-American Relations." On January 3, 1918, Sisson cabled to George Creel from Petrograd: "If President will restate anti-imperialistic war aims and democratic peace requisites of America thousand words or less short almost placard paragraphs short sentences I can get it fed into Germany in great quantities and can utilize Russian version potently in army and everywhere. Excerpts from previous statements will not serve." Five days later the President made his Fourteen Points speech. Five days later still Sisson cabled back to Creel: "President's speech placarded on walls Petrograd this morning. One hundred thousand copies will have this display within three days. Three hundred thousand handbills will be distributed here within five days. Proportionate display Moscow by end of week. Y. M. C. A. agreed distribute million Russian and million German copies along line. Other channels into Germany being opened. *Izvestia* official government newspaper nearly million circulation throughout Russia printed speech in full Saturday morning with comment welcoming it as sincere and hopeful. Much of other newspaper comment still cynical but shifting rapidly as speech makes its own mighty appeal. German version in hands printer now. *Call's* editorial useful also [William Boyce] Thompson's interview. What was comment *Novy Mir* New York Bolshevik paper?" As the French say, "*sans commentaires.*" But ponder it well.

TWO thousand two hundred and sixty-four Federal warrants for draft evaders have been issued in the eastern district of New York, which comprises Long Island and Staten Island. In the Manhattan and Hudson River district the authorities are seeking eight thousand men who failed during the war to file their questionnaires, to appear for their physical examinations, or to report at their cantonments. The statute of limitations has been waived and these men may be arrested henceforth at any time. This is only another evidence of the Government's failure to appreciate that the war ended twenty months ago. In all other belligerent countries there has been a general release of war offenders and restoration of peace-time amenities. Little can be said for the men whom physical fear impelled to run away or moral cowardice prevented from bravely facing the issue as did the conscientious objectors. The stigma which our public opinion imposes on them will be merciless and punitive enough, but it is the community itself which will suffer chiefly by the needless prolongation of the spying, informing, and man-hunting regime that we have—to our moral detriment—been living in.

WE publish this week Mr. Herbert J. Seligmann's first-hand report of conditions in Haiti. We believe that, while it does not differ materially from previous reports published by *The Nation*, Mr. Seligmann's facts are so emphatically stated and the issue is so clearly joined that the Government must answer to this indictment. Certainly, the facts that he recounts must make every American hang his head; as we have repeatedly pointed out, our imperialism in Haiti nullifies our claim that we were fighting for self-determination and the rights of small nations. Why, then, does not America—the conscience of the old pre-war America—rouse itself about this situation? Primarily, it is because of silence of the press, a silence in part due to the governmental suppression of news. For instance, since Mr. Seligmann wrote his article there has come by way of Kingston, Jamaica, an Associated Press report that there has been another attack on Port-au-Prince by so-called bandits whose leaders the Marines killed; of course, no official report has been made public and no dispatch was permitted to come through direct from Haiti. Next, it is due to the fact that Haiti is only a backward Negro state, although Santo Domingo, which is in the same boat, has a white population, and finally, it affects only a small country. But it is no defense to wrong-doing to say that it is less than that of the Germans in Belgium when it is exactly of the same kind and marked by the inevitable incidents due to the subjugation by force of a population deemed inferior by the conquerors. Morality and decency always suffer under these circumstances; otherwise, how could the morality of the Marines, always considered our best American troops, have come to this estate?

THE War Department has answered with a flat denial Professor Stanley J. Rypins's assertion that while in the Military Intelligence Department of the Army he opened the mail of Breckinridge Long of the State Department because he was in correspondence with a conscientious objector. Professor Rypins's reply has not yet come to hand; failing it, we may still welcome the fact that men who were compelled to do things which they considered dishonorable during the war are beginning to speak out. Indeed, we believe that the sins committed by the Wilson

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Administration against American liberty of thought and expression will steadily react upon its head—we mean Mr. Wilson himself, for at his own door these crimes will be laid so that it will be impossible for him to plead the excuse of ignorance or absorption in other public business. One of the latest to say this emphatically is President Schurman of Cornell before the Northern Baptist Convention at Buffalo. No species of freedom, he said, had been so seriously impaired in this country as freedom of speech. "During our war the Government carried suppression too far and certainly went much farther than did the Government of England in its intolerance of honest though hostile critics. For this narrow and bigoted intolerance, impartial history will hold President Wilson himself largely responsible." Meanwhile, Mr. Wilson is getting one reply after another to his monstrous assertion that the Republicans could not find a single case in which men have been unjustly sentenced to prison under the Espionage Act. A mass meeting in San Francisco on June 21 sent him a telegram calling his attention to the case of Mrs. Emma Martin and Messrs. Ham, Sonnenberg, and Stevens, imprisoned for years for alleged violation of the Espionage Act, which convictions the mass meeting denounced as indefensibly unjust. But, of course, Mr. Wilson will take no note of the facts.

WHETHER or not Judge Gary pulls the strings of the nation-wide drive on union labor which wraps itself in the American flag and campaigns for the open shop—which it calls the "American Plan"—is not clear, but it is plain that a nation-wide anti-union campaign is under way and that it is in accord with Judge Gary's famous "We must all stand together" (against union labor) speech. It crops up in New York in the five million dollar fight of the Merchants' Association against the longshore unions; in Seattle in the fight of the "Associated Industries" which crowded David Rodgers, the big shipbuilder, out of business; in the building trades in El Paso, where it failed because the bricklayers owned the only brickyard in the city and controlled the situation; and in Butte, where the "Associated Industries" paid the rent of certain restaurants forced to close in the open shop fight, and, according to testimony of a former member, directed its members not to sell to union contractors. In Butte the State took a hand against the anti-unionists, who admitted that they had discriminated but said that they had done it as individuals, without agreement. The State prosecuted three Butte firms for restraint of trade, but the jury, in that copper-ruled town, disagreed. From coast to coast the fight is on—and it will be worth watching. Thus far the unions have waged their battles locally, but the manufacturers show better solidarity. When David Rodgers, with $46,000,000 of contracts for shipbuilding signed, was trying to open union shipyards, a friend of the "Associated Industries" wrote to Judge Gary: "I presume that he (Rodgers) will come to you or your association for steel contracts, and your influence might change his attitude."

THE New York port strike limps on, without coming to an issue. The coastwise longshoremen are still out, the steamship lines have not yet raised wages to the living level, and the Interstate Commerce Commission has not granted increased rates to the lines so that they may do so. Probably the Commission does not wish to act without reaching a decision on the rates of railroads which compete with the ships, and must wait for action on those rates until the Railroad Wage Board finishes its ponderous task. Thus the circle comes back to the railroad vacationists, having encountered all along the line the veto on transportation of the present private management under government supervision which gives neither service nor living wages. Meanwhile New York hangs on the verge of a general port strike, which could be precipitated at any moment by a lockout or a widespread open-shop campaign on the part of the employers. At the moment, the tendency on both sides seems to be to limit the area of conflict to the coastwise longshoremen and the teamsters, though rumors of more drastic happenings persist. If a general strike or lockout should come, it would be a blessing in disguise if it led to well-directed common action on the part of the unions and an industrial constitution for the port, a clear understanding between both sides, and thus to the ending of the conditions which bode no good to anybody.

NEWSPAPER reading is what you make it. You can read the Elwell murder mystery and reflect that Conan Doyle was after all an amateur. Or you can turn the page and reflect upon the news from China—that some millions of Russian gold deposited by Kolchak in banks of the Celestial Empire is being brought across the Pacific to pay Kolchak's British creditors, without protest, while France protests when the Bolsheviks use their share of the Czar's gold to pay for mowing machines and locomotives rather than to pay off French investors in imperial Russian bonds. Or turn the page again, and you read of the good ship Belluno, from Genoa to Buenos Aires, arriving with a red flag at her masthead—and all hands paid equally—carrying goods from a Genoa cooperative, greeted, if you please, by harbor tugs flying red flags too, and officially welcomed by the transport workers of Buenos Aires. Food for reflection there. Or you can pore over political conventions for five entire pages, and read on the seventh page that the band killed a demonstration for Cox by playing waltz music instead of a two-step march. It's all in the papers—you can take your choice.

THE course of true love (and for that matter mere 2.75 per cent affection with much froth but little bite) never did run smooth. It seems to be getting rougher, however, in these days of inadequate housing, restrictive legislation, and a lessening of that sense of humor that used to be the saving grace of Americans. Since that ancient institution known as the parlor has become almost extinct in New York City, and as there are not enough benches in the public parks to accommodate all the love-making, there must needs be overflow meetings elsewhere. Among such the Fifth Avenue buses and the river steamboats are deservedly popular. But now come sundry surly individuals to complain that they can no longer board the hurricane deck of a Fifth Avenue bus without feeling that they have strayed into a performance of "Romeo and Juliet," while a well-known Hudson River line has recently attempted to lessen manifestations of affection among its passengers, and is recommending its sacred concerts as a substitute. The intention, evidently, is that the noble Hudson shall not become Spoon River. Yet we doubt if a plebiscite among the passengers would reveal unqualified enthusiasm for the idea, and we are moved to ask: where, then, shall our young people go? The need of the hour is not for another Spoon River anthology, but for a Spoon River directory.

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An Impossible Choice

PRECISELY as the Republican Convention turned at the end to the weakest candidate, so has the Democratic. Their followers must, therefore, choose between two mediocrities, between two second-rate Ohio newspaper editors, neither of whom can truthfully be said to have the caliber requisite for the Presidency even in ordinary times, much less the extraordinary ones in which we live. The country beholds the normal result of the convention system as now conducted; when the delegates are sufficiently exhausted they naturally gravitate to the candidate whose lack of color and virility and intellectuality has made him the fewest enemies. It is to be a campaign of dullness, which will be all the more noticeable after the oratorical flights of Mr. Wilson and his admirable voicing of the ideals which he professed. Any hope of a stimulating campaign pregnant with great issues vigorously presented, or with a program of a genuine social and economic reform, vanishes into thin air. Those who have held such a hope must now be thoroughly disillusioned.

Between the twin evils of the fruits of the Republican and Democratic conventions, *The Nation* declines to choose. There is no choice between them. Not a single fundamental principle separates them. They vary only in degree—even on the League of Nations. There is no issue between them to cause any heart to quicken its beat. The one is a little more outspoken than the other as to the rights of labor, a tiny bit more friendly to women and children, a touch more sympathetic with struggling Ireland, but both are silent on the great economic issues which above all others affect the American people today. The Democrats not merely hedged on the League, they dodged wholly the issue of Prohibition—a monumental bit of cowardice. They have approved in their platform the amazing falsehood sent out over Mr. Wilson's name that the Government has not abused its war powers to interfere with liberty of the press, freedom of speech, and the personal rights guaranteed under the Constitution. They have indorsed and approved Burleson and Palmer, the most menacing and dangerous figures to appear upon our political stage since the days of the pro-slavery betrayers of the government. Support such a platform and party *The Nation* cannot.

Even had the head of the Democratic Party not been guilty of betraying at Paris the very ideals on behalf of which our armies went forth to their brilliant victory, of seeking to entangle us in the League of Nations which would fasten upon the globe the intolerable despotism and hatreds now in ascendancy, we should still oppose the candidate of the Democracy. The character of the man nominated at San Francisco counts for something, but after all had he been the best available choice, the candidate must of necessity bear the impossible burden of the blunders and the sins of Woodrow Wilson, on account of which the party deserves to be defeated in every State in the Union. Mr. Wilson himself has slain all of the ideals which distinguished his first campaign and brought hope and inspiration to multitudes seeking deliverance from the domination of a government owned and controlled by the forces of big business and massed wealth. Any electorate true to itself would have to rebuke such a betrayal of its ideals and its idealism.

But the Republican alternative? That is equally impossible. Mr. Harding has already clearly demonstrated his intellectual inadequacy for the task. His every utterance shows that he is wholly unaware of the kind of world we live in and is without comprehension of the tasks ahead. He represents a party still actuated by greed and dominated by the power of wealth. Is there any real reason why the electorate should select him as a personage rather than his Democratic rival? Others, we repeat, may choose between the two men if they must and so play into the hands of the politicians, who forever utilize the cry of the lesser evil in order to play their game more freely; *The Nation* will do as it did in 1900, when it supported neither McKinley nor Bryan, and as it has done in many gubernatorial contests. It will tell the truth about the major parties and their candidates but adhere to neither. It is not afraid of being charged with being unpractical by so doing. On the contrary, there are times when it is the highest duty to refuse to choose between evils. That was the case in 1896, for instance, when the Gold Democrats deliberately refused to accept either McKinley or Bryan and voted for one of the most praiseworthy third party movements in our history.

The truth is, of course, that if there has been greater independence, more open debate, and more democratic wrangling between opposing beliefs at San Francisco than at Chicago, both gatherings have revealed only too clearly the barrenness and sterility of both leaderships and the almost entire dearth of candidates worthy of consideration. It is possibly a just retribution for some of its wrongdoing that the Democratic Party should have spent days striving to choose among McAdoo, Cox, and Palmer. Perhaps it is the will of Providence that relief and reform shall come by the decay and the collapse of the existing party processes; to those who look beneath the surface, disintegration seems well on the way. The leaders of the South never felt themselves so securely in the saddle as in the last decade before the Rebellion; yet underneath, the economic foundations of their social, labor, and agricultural systems were well undermined and the slave system must have collapsed of its own rottenness had the Civil War never come. So the rulers of our parties today are equally contemptuous of all who challenge them, and are equally intolerant of those who doubt the existing order and the power of an outworn leadership to cure its ills. As the antebellum Southern politicians jailed every Abolitionist they could get their hands upon who assailed the sacred institution of slavery, so the leaders of today seek to crush or to imprison many of those who declare that we are at the end of another era and that new men and new methods must come to the fore. Underneath, the economic foundations are again tottering and there is no more vision as to the true and peaceful way out in 1920 than there was in the South in 1861. The hour John Brown was hanged, Longfellow wrote in his diary: "This will be a great day in our history; the date of a new Revolution—quite as much needed as the old one. Even now they are leading old John Brown to execution in Virginia for attempting to rescue slaves! This is sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind, which will come soon." Who knows? From the conventions of 1920 may be dated the coming of a new political order because of the inefficiency and the inability of our politicians, and the incapacity to grapple with the new world economic problems which they are hourly demonstrating.

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May Government Employees Strike?

"WE deny the right to strike against the government; but the rights and interests of all government employees must be safeguarded by impartial laws and tribunals." So runs the Republican platform. Organized labor, we feel sure, will dismiss the second part of the statement as a generalization of no practical importance; but against the doctrine laid down in the first part it will, we hope, enter a vigorous protest. What is there that is peculiar about government service that denies to one who enters it a right which admittedly is possessed by labor generally? The principle announced by the Republicans obviously can have no exclusive application to Federal employees; if it is true of them, it is equally true of employees of States and cities. According to the platform, then, not only letter-carriers, department clerks, and mechanics in navy yards or arsenals, but also policemen, firemen, and street cleaners, no matter how low their wages or unsatisfactory their working conditions, must nevertheless, simply because they are in government employ, confine themselves to protests, or resolutions, or other "peaceful" methods of agitation for the redress of their grievances, unless, of course, they prefer to quit their jobs altogether and seek employment elsewhere. What is the logic of such a position?

Two arguments in particular are commonly advanced whenever this question is raised. A strike of government employees, it is urged, unlike a strike in some particular industry, affects the whole community, and brings inconvenience or loss to numerous persons or businesses which are in no way responsible for the grievances and will have no voice in remedying them. Whatever happens as between employers and their workingmen, it is insisted that taxes ought still to be collected, mail delivered, fire protection continued, and life and property guarded against thugs and thieves. But every strike makes trouble for persons who are only remotely connected with either its occasion or its remedy. To condemn or justify a strike by consideration of the extent of the disturbance which it involves is to judge it by its incidents rather than by its cause. The real question with government employees is precisely the same as with those who work for private persons: are they properly treated and suitably paid? If they are not, we are clear that the community, which is the employer in the case, has no right to draw a charmed circle of immunity about itself, wave the magic word "government" in solemn incantation, and insist that its public business shall still go on.

The other argument is that a strike of government employees, being an interruption of government service, is in fact an interference with government itself, and as such is near akin to treason. Servants of the government, we are told, must, like soldiers, stand by and obey orders whether they like it or not; to refuse is of the nature of mutiny. It will be time enough to deal with the soldier analogy when civil servants are removed from the jurisdiction of the civil courts, ruled under martial law, and placed under the orders of the President as commander-in-chief; but until that time comes, the analogy may be dismissed as without foundation either in law or in fact. Since when, however, has the organized refusal to work, when other arguments have failed to bring a Government to its senses, ceased to be the citizen's right? Are government employees whose petitions have gone unheeded by those whose business it was to attend to them to be denied, under pain of being charged with disloyalty, the right of organized, forcible protest which bricklayers, carpenters, and chambermaids claim and exercise as a prerogative of citizenship? And if government employees strike, and the normal life of a community suffers in consequence, are the workers to be accused of treason when it is the government which is really at fault?

We hope that organized labor will accept with spirit the challenge of "take it or leave it" which the Republicans have thrown down, not only because we believe that the Republican doctrine ought to be repudiated as mischievous, but also because the question is likely to become in the near future one of serious importance. With the strong trend toward either the nationalization or the thoroughgoing government control of railways, mines, and other great industries or natural resources, the time is not distant when the number of government employees in this country may be very greatly increased. We must leave for later discussion some of the problems which this prospective enlargement of the civil list involves—we shall deal with *The Nation's* economic program in later issues. What is quite clear now is that neither railway men nor miners—to take two illustrations only—are likely to give up a weapon which has stood them in good stead in the past merely because the government becomes their employer. They will assuredly strike if they want to, whatever the government may think about it; and that which is going to happen anyway may as well be accepted in advance. It will be the part of wisdom for the government, which is notoriously lax when questions of ordinary, everyday justice are concerned, to insure, in the management of its public services, an honest method of democratic control, to set its house in order and provide some suitable machinery for the voluntary settlement of disputes before labor puts government to the test.

Meddling With the Schools

MEAN to the point of squalor are the intellectual premises of New York's public schools as raked over last month by Arthur M. Wolfson, who has just resigned as principal of the High School of Commerce. On June 12 Mr. Wolfson wrote the reasons for his resignation to the Associate Superintendent, John L. Tildsley, and on June 25 he elaborated these reasons in a statement read to the Board of Superintendents, convened by Superintendent Ettinger to hear him. "Frankly," his gist was, "during the past two or three years I have not felt free to follow the intellectual habits of a life-time." Twenty-five years ago he had chosen the profession of teacher because it seemed the freest; he was leaving it now because independence had ceased to be counted a virtue by the authorities. He was not a revolutionist in politics or a rebel in education, but he believed in thought, and his self-respect no longer permitted him to repress and dedoctrinate and spy upon bright pupils. He had been asked to suppress the fact that 354 out of 2,000 straw votes among his boys had been for Debs. He had been ordered to teach one view regarding Russia and one view only. Against his conscience he had enforced the rule forbidding a newspaper—the New York *Call*—to be carried in classroom or study-hall. And he had shut a pair of sympathetic ears to the objections of a certain youth against the

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military training prescribed by law. But now he has tired of heresy-hunting and hundred-percenting.

The distressing thing about this petty overhead tyranny in the schools is not so much that it is tyranny as that it is petty. Full-blooded, forthright bullying would have deserved and probably received a drastic cure. This insidious, anaemic meddling persists; this entirely unimaginative muddling is difficult to get at and cut away. There will be no satisfactory change while men remain in authority who are afraid of ideas because they cannot comprehend them or enjoy their free play. Recovery from the war proceeds here and there, but not among superintendents and principals as a class. "Remarkable as the fact is," said Henry R. Linville of the Teachers' Union last week in connection with the Wolfson case, "teachers of independence are increasing in relative number, while the quality of high school principals remains normal in colorlessness and conformity." The principals are afraid of the superintendents, and the superintendents are afraid of freedom. Candidates for headships "have in general been extremely wary. So far has the habit of carefulness been developed that a candidate must not do anything out of the ordinary"—which is to say not much of anything that counts.

The Collapse of the Christian Soviet

THE Interchurch World Movement, if it had succeeded, would have been either a great religious trust or the spiritual union which Christendom has talked of since Luther. If a trust, it would have been the last stand of the institutional Protestant Church. If a union, it might have represented a new religious technique for the changing social order. It set itself to raise over a billion dollars. Its initial drive was to bring just over $336,000,000. Of this, $40,000,000 was to be raised from "friends of the movement" for Interchurch purposes, as distinct from the purposes of the various denominations affiliated. Actually, only $176,000,000 was raised by and for the denominations. The "friendly citizens," who were to finance the Interchurch itself with the $40,000,000, gave only a tenth of the sum. So the vast promotion collapses. The concern dissolves back into the denominations. The obsequies are being held.

The Interchurch World Movement was a brave attempt to establish a soviet of religion. It was an attempt to gather the economic power of the churches into an instrument of policy. Instead of bothering itself with representative government in the shape of the denominational conventions, it welded the executives of the boards—those bodies at the top which control the budgets and the central administration. When at last its scheme came upon the floor of the Presbyterians and the Baptists North, the representatives overturned it by various forms of withdrawal. But if the Interchurch had entered those conventions with success instead of failure in the money-raising campaign, it is possible no objection to the movement would have been raised.

There is no one reason for the failure. The belief that the report of the Industrial Relations Department on the Steel Strike was the outstanding cause is over-simplification. The Interchurch came as the last of many "drives" to a tired and indifferent nation. Folks had grown excited and generous because of Liberty loans, "Y," Red Cross, Salvation Army, till they had neither enthusiasm nor cash. The givers gave out. Next, there was an important miscalculation concerning friendly citizens, with no particular church connections. These were relied on to give at least one-ninth of the year's budget, and this was to be a vital item, because it was to help defray "general expenses." Without that oil the machine could not achieve movement.

As the result of an earlier success of the Methodists in raising their centenary fund, the banks had come to believe that there was an enormous credit power back of the church community. Accordingly the New York financial group extended credit to the Interchurch. This credit could not be expanded in the face of the failure in money-raising. In any case, a continuance of credit would lead to control, however gentle, legitimate, and wise. There was an aroma of bankers about the deliberations of the Interchurch, and whiffs of it interpenetrated the advertising and other promotion material of this crusade. The literary style was closer to the pattern of the press agent than to that of the Fourth Gospel. No complete unity of aim had been established. The unity was one of cooperative activity in administration by the powerful executive boards. And even here two elements were discernible. There were earnest men of the younger order in the Interchurch who desired a progressive movement in theology and the realm of social change. There were convinced individualists who were startled by the report on the Steel Strike.

More important, there was little contact between the big business men and the religious executives, engineering the Interchurch, and the rank and file. It was a movement of imposing front, but with a needed constituency that had not been consulted. So the hiatus widened between the "big" ideas of the "big" men and the humbler denominational leaders and church people. All that the mass could sense was some new and vague object, toward which they were to be speeded up. The people never backed the Interchurch, for they never attended its councils, and never knew its purpose.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., once made a classic speech on Christian unity. Some such logical idea as his coalesced with the tangible Methodist triumph in money-raising, added to itself the ecclesiastical machinery of the higher executives, converted big business men, and annexed famous fund-raisers. The amalgam resulted in publicity as amazing as those early British advertisements with which Mr. Barnum plastered the countryside and drove away the English from attendance. There is a fundamental decency in our people, too, which has silently resented selling Jesus in the language of the circus. On the day when John R. Mott goes to prison for defending Debs because of their common humanity—on that day a Christian unity will be begun.

The lesson of the Interchurch is that a soviet cannot be imposed by a tiny minority at the top. Neither Lenin nor John D. Rockefeller, Jr., can as yet create a new economic instrument of government in these United States; not even a Christian soviet in ecclesiastical government. The Anglo-Saxon world still clings to parliamentary, representative, political government. Out of the collapse of the topheavy economic structure of the Interchurch we shall see a return to political expression among the churches. We shall see renewed activity on the part of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. This body derives its power from the national religious assemblies. It is a parliament of religion.

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The Conquest of Haiti

By HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

TO Belgium's Congo, to Germany's Belgium, to England's India and Egypt, the United States has added a perfect miniature in Haiti. Five years of violence in that Negro republic of the Caribbean, without sanction of international law or any law other than force, is now succeeded by an era in which the military authorities are attempting to hush up what has been done. The history of the American invasion of Haiti is only additional evidence that the United States is among those Powers in whose international dealings democracy and freedom are mere words, and human lives negligible in face of racial snobbery, political chicane, and money. The five years of American occupation, from 1915 to 1920, have served as a commentary upon the white civilization which still burns black men and women at the stake. For Haitian men, women, and children, to a number estimated at 3,000, innocent for the most part of any offense, have been shot down by American machine gun and rifle bullets; black men and women have been put to torture to make them give information; theft, arson, and murder have been committed almost with impunity upon the persons and property of Haitians by white men wearing the uniform of the United States. Black men have been driven to retreat to the hills from actual slavery imposed upon them by white Americans, and to resist the armed invader with fantastic arsenals of ancient horse pistols, Spanish cutlasses, Napoleonic sabres, French carbines, and even flintlocks. In this five years' massacre of Haitians less than twenty Americans have been killed or wounded in action.

Of all this Americans at home have been kept in the profoundest ignorance. The correspondent of the Associated Press in Cape Haitien informed me in April, 1920, that he had found it impossible in the preceding three years, owing to military censorship, to send a single cable dispatch concerning military operations in Haiti, to the United States. Newspapers have been suppressed in Port au Prince and their editors placed in jail on purely political grounds. Even United States citizens in Haiti told me of their fear that if they too frankly criticised "the Occupation," existence in Haiti would be made unpleasant for them. During my stay of something over a month in Haiti several engagements occurred between Haitian revolutionists and United States Marines. Early in April, Lieutenant Muth, of the Haitian gendarmery, was killed, his body mutilated, and a marine wounded. In that engagement, as in others which occurred within a few weeks of it, Haitian revolutionists or *cacos* suffered casualties of from five to twenty killed and wounded. No report of these clashes and casualties, so far as I know, has been published in any newspaper of the United States. The United States Government and the American military occupation which has placed Haiti under martial law do not want the people of the United States to know what has happened in Haiti.

For this desire for secrecy there are the best of reasons. Americans have conceived the application of the Monroe Doctrine to be protection extended by the United States to weaker States in the western hemisphere, against foreign aggression. Under cover of that doctrine the United States has practiced the very aggressions and tyrannies it was pretending to fight to safeguard weaker states against. In 1915, during a riot in the capital of Haiti, in which President Vilbrun Guillaume Sam was killed, the mob removed a man from the sanctuary he had claimed in the French legation. It is said the French threatened to intervene, also that the German Government had, before the European war, demanded control of Haitian affairs. In justifying its invasion of Haiti in 1915, the United States makes use of the pretext with which the Imperial German Government justified its invasion of Belgium in 1914. The invasion was one of defense against any Power which, taking control of Haiti, a weaker state, might use its territory as a base for naval action against the Panama Canal or the United States.

Instead of maintaining a force of marines at Port au Prince sufficient to safeguard foreign legations and consulates against violence, the United States proceeded to assume control of the island. The American hold was fortified by a convention empowering the United States to administer Haitian customs and finance for twenty years, or as much longer as the United States sees fit; and by a revised constitution of Haiti removing the prohibition against alien ownership of land, thus enabling Americans to purchase the most fertile areas in the country. Thenceforward Haiti has been regarded and has been treated as conquered territory. Military camps have been built throughout the island. The property of natives has been taken for military use. Haitians carrying a gun were for a time shot at sight. Many Haitians not carrying guns were also shot at sight. Machine guns have been turned into crowds of unarmed natives, and United States marines have, by accounts which several of them gave me in casual conversation, not troubled to investigate how many were killed or wounded. In some cases Haitians peaceably inclined have been afraid to come to American camps to give up their weapons for fear they would be shot for carrying them.

The Haitians in whose service United States marines are presumably restoring peace and order in Haiti are nicknamed "Gooks" and have been treated with every variety of contempt, insult, and brutality. I have heard officers wearing the United States uniform in the interior of Haiti talk of "bumping off" (i. e., killing) "Gooks" as if it were a variety of sport like duck hunting. I heard one marine boast of having stolen money from a peaceable Haitian family in the hills whom he was presumably on patrol to protect against "bandits." I have heard officers and men in the United States Marine Corps say they thought the island should be "cleaned out"; that all the natives should be shot; that shooting was too good for them; that they intended taking no prisoners; that many of those who had been taken prisoners had been "allowed to escape," that is, shot on the pretext that they had attempted flight. I have seen prisoners' faces and heads disfigured by beatings administered to them and have heard officers discussing those beatings; also a form of torture—"sept"—in which the victim's leg is compressed between two rifles and the pressure against the shin increased until agony forced him to speak. I know that men and women have been hung by the neck until strangulation impelled them to give information. I have in my possession a copy of a "bon habitant" (good citizen) pass which all Haitians in the interior have been required to carry and

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present to any marine who might ask to inspect it. Failure to carry the pass formerly involved being shot or arrested. Arrest for trivial offenses has involved detention in Cape Haitien and Port au Prince for as long as six months. In justice to the officers and men of the Marine Corps, it should he said that many of them detest what they have had to do in Haiti. One officer remarked to me that if he had to draw a cartoon of the occupation of Haiti he would represent a black man held down by a white soldier, while another white man went through the black man's pockets. Other officers and men have criticised the entire Haitian adventure as a travesty upon humanity and civilization and as a lasting disgrace to the United States Marine Corps. But the prevailing attitude of mind among the men sent to assist Haiti has been such determined contempt for men of dark skins that decency has been almost out of the question. The American disease of color prejudice has raged virulently.

The occupation points with pride to military roads. These roads were in large part built by Haitian slaves—I intend the word literally—under American taskmasters. An old Haitian law of corvée, or enforced road labor, rarely if ever invoked, authorizing three days' work in each year on roads about the citizen's domicile, was made the excuse for kidnapping thousands of Haitians from their homes—when they had homes—forcing them to live for months in camps, insufficiently fed, guarded by United States marines, rifle in hand. When Haitians attempted to escape this dastardly compulsion, they were shot. I heard ugly whispers in Haiti of the sudden accumulation of funds by American officers of the Haitian gendarmery who had the responsibility of providing food for these slave camps. Charlemagne Peralte, an important political leader under the Zamor Government, arrested for political activity, was forced to labor in prison garb on the streets of Cape Haitien, where he was well known. He escaped in September, 1918, flaming with hatred and became known throughout Haiti as Charlemagne, one of the most resourceful of revolutionary leaders in the Hinche district until he was killed in the autumn of 1919. It is no coincidence that his power was greatest and the revolt severest in the regions where the corvée slavery had been most in use.

Colonel John Russell, at present brigade commander in Haiti, who is struggling with an impossibly difficult situation, largely created by his predecessors, formally abolished the corvée late in 1919. That was not undoing the damage which had been done. Colonel Russell could not, even by issuing the most stringent orders against indiscriminate murder of Haitians by marines, wipe out what had occurrred under a former commanding officer who had been sent to Haiti although it was in his record that he had been court-martialled for brutality to natives in the Philippines.

Another creation of the Americans in Haiti, although it is now improved in personnel and leadership, fanned the flames of hatred and violence which swept the island. I refer to the Gendarmerie d'Haiti. This is a military force of black men, officered with one or two exceptions by corporals and sergeants of the Marine Corps promoted to lieutenancies and captaincies over Haitians. Many of the white men were ignorant and brutal. Some of the Haitians enlisted in the gendarmerie were notorious bad men. Several of them have been shot for murder and extortion among their own people.

The armed peace which has resulted from the conquest of Haiti by the United States has opened a new field for American investors. Already the Banque Nationale d'Haiti, the bank of issue of all Haitian paper currency, is owned by an American bank. The National Railways of Haiti are owned by Americans. Sugar mills and lighting plants are in American control. Groups of Americans are purchasing or are endeavoring to purchase the most fertile land in the country. The representative of one company told me they owned 58,000 acres. In this scheme of American "protection" of Haitian welfare, the Haitian's place is illuminated by a remark which I heard one American entrepreneur make. He advocated that Chinese coolies be imported to supplant uninstructed Haitian labor.

After an indefensible invasion of a helpless country, after the professions of solicitude and good-will which accompanied the crime, what has the United States to offer in extenuation? Military roads, which the Haitian people do not particularly want, a civil hospital in Port au Prince, and the Haitian Gendarmerie. The present Government of Haiti which dangles from wires pulled by American fingers, would not endure for twenty-four hours if United States armed forces were withdrawn; and the president, Sudre d'Artiguenave, would face death or exile. No beginning has been made in combatting with teachers the appalling illiteracy of the Haitian people. No attempt has been made to send civilian doctors or even military doctors to minister to the needs of diseased Haitians in the interior. These sins of commission and of omission are attributable less to the men confronted with the overwork and the difficulties, and often with the inferior food which their Government sends them, in Haiti, than to an Administration, and especially a State Department ready to countenance armed invasions without plan and to undertake, by a nation which has signally failed in administering its own color problem, the government of a black republic.

The jumble of jurisdictions imposed upon Americans in Haiti by the irresponsible gentlemen in Washington would paralyze even a genuine attempt at regeneration of Haitian government. The customs receipts and the disbursements of Haiti are administered by two Americans independent of the military command. Of the customs administration, suffice it to say that not one business man to whom I talked, and there were prominent Americans as well as Haitians among my informants, had a word to say in its favor. There is no appeal from the scrupulously inept customs rulings except to Washington. The fiction of a Haitian republic is maintained, although the American military command can suppress newspapers and virtually controls Haitian politics and elections. The Haitian Government, such as it is, either yields perforce to American pressure or finds itself in feeble and ineffectual opposition. The gendarmerie, theoretically under the Haitian Government's command, is officered by American marines, paid by both Haiti and the United States.

This militarist, imperialist burlesque on the professions with which the United States entered the war in behalf of weaker states leaves the Haitians little to do but to wonder what the United States intends. If they had power, they would drive the armed invader into the sea. They have not the power. They are disarmed and cynical, those who can think. If Haitian government was not conspicuously successful, lives of Americans and other foreigners were safe before the invasion. For the rest, in the absence of any plans for Haiti's regeneration except through "development" of the country by exploiters, the Haitian may derive what spiritual nourishment he can from the Wilsonian phrases with which United States thuggery disguises its deeds.

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The Syrian Imbroglio and the Turkish Settlement

By FREDERIC C. HOWE

THE most picturesque figure at the Paris Peace Conference was Prince Emir Feisal, one of the sons of the King of the Hejaz. In turban and Arabian robes, orientally impressive and extraordinarily alert, he sat among the frock-coated, conventional representatives of the other Powers. Occasionally he said something that was flashed among the newspaper men at the Crillon and the press clubs. "When President Wilson spoke of self-determination of peoples, a smile went through all Arabia," he said. On another occasion, "If Syria is given to France, the Arabs will drive them into the sea."

The eastern Mediterranean has been the strategic center of the European-Asiatic world for a century. The control of Constantinople, Mesopotamia, and the Bagdad Railway was probably the ultimate cause of the Great War. German advances in Turkey and the threatened control of the trade routes from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf was a drive at the heart of the British Empire. It threatened to Teutonize the commercial and financial organization of the Near East and the Far East as well. It would have split Great Britain, Russia, and France apart, and placed the Far East under the menace of German control. The British Empire, British finance, British shipping, and British industry were threatened by the short railroad land route to the Far East. So were French investments in Russia, French investments in Turkey, and French aspirations on the Syrian Coast.

The future of a great part of the world hangs on the Near Eastern question, as it did in the ancient Roman world; as it did when the Turks in the fourteenth century sundered the trade routes through the Mesopotamian valleys from Persia to Europe, and sent Columbus in search of a new route to India. For one hundred years, Great Britain and Russia, then Great Britain and France, and finally Great Britain and Germany have struggled for the control of the Bosphorus, of the eastern Mediterranean, and finally of the Bagdad railway. England has never lost sight of the strategic necessity for controlling this part of the world. It is the key to her Empire. It is the Gibraltar of her industrial and financial supremacy. The fate of Constantinople, the disposition of the Grande Porte, the American mandate over Armenia, controversies with France over Syria, the double dealings of the Allied Powers for a century, and especially during the war, all revolve about control of this, the great trade route to the East. As it has been from the beginning of history, the wealth of Europe and the life of empires center about control of the Levant.

During the war Great Britain entered into at least three treaties or understandings, all more or less in conflict, for the disposal of this territory—extending from the mountains of Asia Minor to the Persian Gulf. They were roughly:

1. The Sykes-Picot Treaty, May, 1916, divided this part of the world between France and Great Britain. France was given Syria and parts of Palestine. Great Britain was given certain ports on the Syrian coast as well as the hinterland, including Mesopotamia, the Tigris-Euphrates valleys, the control of the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea. Mesopotamia was the key. It controlled the Bagdad Railway, the approach to Persia, and the trade routes to the Persian Gulf.

2. Great Britain, with the approval of France, entered an agreement with the King of the Hejaz, representing the whole of Arabia, to induce the Arabs to enter the war on the side of the Allies. Under the terms of this treaty, the Ottoman Empire to the south of the Taurus Mountains was to be divided roughly into three Arabian principalities. Prince Feisal was to receive Syria, including Palestine, another son Zeid was to receive Mesopotamia, controlling the trade routes to the Persian Gulf and to the Far East; while the third son of the King of the Hejaz was to receive Hedjaz and the control of the eastern shore of the Red Sea. The British and French, however, retained some claim to participation in Arabian affairs. They both recognized Arabian claims under the treaties made with the Hejaz. As a result of this arrangement the Arabs placed themselves under British leadership; they fought valiantly and contributed substantially to the defeat of the Turks and the holding of the Near East by the Allies.

3. Finally, the Zionists received assurances from Mr. Balfour in November, 1917, that Palestine was to be internationalized as the "home of the Jews." This was accepted as an assurance that Palestine was to be an independent state under international and especially British protection. Palestine forms part of Syria given to the French and is claimed by the Arabs under the British agreement with the King of the Hejaz.

4. In addition to the above treaties (each of which disposed of part or all of Palestine to three different claimants, two of which disposed of Syria to different claimants, and two of which left the relationship of Great Britain and the Arabs unsettled as to Mesopotamia) the British themselves hoped to hold on to Syria and the eastern Mediterranean. The Syrian ports command Cyprus on the north and Egypt and the Suez Canal on the south. Even more important, they control access to Mesopotamia and the Mediterranean connections with the Bagdad Railway.

Great Britain has fought for a century to prevent the entrance of any other Power into this part of the world. The protectorate over Egypt, the purchase of the Suez Canal, control of the trade routes to India and the Far East have been the controlling motives of her Near Eastern diplomacy. In addition, British commercial interests are opposed to the Bagdad Railway as a land transportation system from Europe and Constantinople to the Mesopotamian plains. European, and especially German competition, would endanger her control of industry and trade in Asia and the Near East, while quite as important, the Bagdad Railway would endanger her shipping monopoly. It is to the interest of Great Britain to suppress the Bagdad Railway from Constantinople to Aleppo, but to develop the line from the Mediterranean coast to the Persian Gulf. This would give her a long water shipping route from England, and a shorter rail route to the Far East. It would also kill rail competition from Europe. For these reasons Great Britain was opposed to a French mandate over Syria. For Syria controls access from the northeast corner of the Mediterranean to Bagdad and the Bagdad Railway. Syria also menaces Egypt and the Suez Canal on the south.

Within six months after the armistice Great Britain,

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France, Arabia, and the Jews were in conflict over the Sykes-Picot Treaty, and the other conflicting agreements. Great Britain was unwilling to abide by its provisions and permit a permanent French occupation or protectorate over Syria. British interests are too vital to permit any other Power to control this strategic point. There was a very serious conflict in the summer of 1919, but Great Britain finally recogized the French mandate over Syria. Whatever the arrangements may have been which guaranteed French predominance on the eastern Mediterranean, it is safe to assume that British interests will never willingly acquiesce in French ascendancy in that part of the world. France in turn is seeking to control the watershed of the Jordan so as to place the Jewish colonies in Palestine under dependence to her will. Palestine is dependent upon this water supply for irrigation, for hydro-electric power, and for the settlement of a territory adequate to maintain millions of colonists. The Franco-British controversy over Syria and Palestine must inevitably remain a source of discord.

The Arabs are now insisting that Great Britain and France should fulfil the compact made with them. They are demanding a partition of Arabia between the three sons of the King of the Hejaz. The Arabs are dangerous people. They have learned the arts of war. They received substantial money subventions from the Allies. They are in a position to harass not only France, but Great Britain and the Zionists as well. And they demand the lowlands of Syria and Palestine as an integral part of Arabia, and support their claims by the preponderance of Arabian peoples in these Mediterranean provinces.

We are now advised that the Turk is to be left in Constantinople. Why is the Sublime Porte to be left undisturbed? Why are the Allied assurances that the Turk was to be driven out of Europe to be ignored? The Turk has not reformed. He can give no assurances that will satisfy the public opinion of Occidental Powers. The Bosphorus is as strategic today as it has been for a hundred years. It is not consideration for the Turk that is leaving him where he is. Nor are the claims of the Armenians for protection being given any serious consideration. The Turk is to be left in Europe for three very simple reasons. First, Turkey owes colossal sums to France and England. Three-fifths of the Turkish loan was underwritten by the Paris banks. It is held by the French peasants. A great part of the balance is held by British interests. If the Turk is expelled from Europe, the Turk cannot be held responsible for these debts. They cannot be assessed upon Constantinople alone and the small surrounding territory. The French are insisting that the Turk remain in Europe, at the instance of the French investor. Any Ministry that failed to safeguard those interests would have difficulty in remaining in power. Similar interests dictate British policy. England and France want to continue their grip on Russia. Russia can only reach the outside world all the year round by the Dardanelles. By the control of Constantinople Great Britain and France are in a position to control the economic life of Russia and of Rumania and Bulgaria as well.

Great Britain is further influenced by fear of the effect of the expulsion of the Turk upon her Mussulman subjects in India and the Far East, while France is apprehensive over the effect of such expulsion upon her Mussulman subjects in Morocco, Tunis, and Algeria. The Turk is to be left in Europe; his worthless guarantees are to be accepted, for financial and imperialistic considerations. Greed is the main explanation of the reversal of promises made to the world. The security of Europe, the freedom of the Dardanelles, the access of Russia and Rumania to the open seas, all these as well as the future peace of the world are to be sacrificed to the same kind of interests that have influenced France and England in their attitude toward Russia.

Finally, the Allies are once more seeking to lure the United States into the age-long imbroglio over the control of this part of the world, by imposing upon us a mandate over Armenia, if not over Constantinople, Anatolia, and the highlands of Asia Minor. One reason and probably the main reason for this is obvious, even though it was not disclosed. Asia Minor lies at the strategic center of three continents. Asia Minor is the buffer between Central Europe and the British Empire. As the Harbord report disclosed, it would require a large military force of from 50,000 to 200,000 men to protect this territory, and involve an initial expense of $750,000,000 for the first five years. Such protection by a friendly Power would relieve Great Britain from policing Persia, Mesopotamia, and her eastern Empire. It would shield her from Russia, Austria, Hungary, Germany, or any other continental European states. It would protect France in Syria as well. It would commit the United States beyond recall to the League of Nations, and would permanently identify us with financial imperialism, with the exploitation of the copper, oil, and other resources which abound in northern Asia Minor. The United States was to hold the bag for the Allied Powers. We were to step into what for centuries has been one of the most dangerous spots in the civilized world. Empires have struggled, and war after war, from the days of Darius and Alexander the Great down to the war just closed, has been fought for the control of the Cilician Gates, through which pass the land routes from Europe to Asia. No greater burden could be assumed by America than this. It would draw us inevitably into European, Asiatic, and African politics.

As a result of these dishonesties and deceptions, the Near East is again in political chaos. The Levant is again the center of the intrigue of Europe. One of the major questions which this war should have forever settled is as confused and menacing as ever. The British-French entente is endangered. Disarmament in both countries is made impossible. Great Britain and France are menaced by the Arabs and the Egyptians. The trade routes of the world are interrupted by nationalistic conflict and commercial greed. The Bagdad Railway, which would have rendered an incalculable service to the civilization of the world, may not become the great land highway that was promised, and Europe and Asia may be left again, as they are now left, to the control by a single nation of the carrying trade through the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, and the Persian Gulf. The Arabs have been deceived; the Jews have been deceived; France thinks it has been deceived, and the Turk remains on the banks of the Bosphorus.

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God's Country

By ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

IT is a country so vast, so vacant, so austere, so impersonal, that at first sight its whole power and beauty seem to be a denial of the power and significance of man. Stark shapes and crude colors of naked rock, lifted, strata on strata into the stark sky; rolling height of mesas, nobly leveled above the deep valleys and below the snow peaks; yellow nearness and roundness of foothills and lomas, spotted and tufted with velvet-green pinyon and cedar—this is what matters. This, and the blue flight of a jay across golden desert spaces, the fierce bite of the wind on the divide, the splash of the stream in the arroya as your horse plunges through. The air is so clear and dry and brilliant that it seems like light; the light so fresh, so vivid, so everchanging that it seems like air: they blend into a common element in which you are purged of all human concerns.

The road you follow is no more than a curving shadow, brown, gray, or red, that vanishes in the gray of sage brush and chamiso; or a narrow trail cut in the solid stone which the muddy Rio Grande, far below, coiling and turning through the ages, has hollowed into a canyon. Soon you learn to leave even the trails, heading your horse straight through cactus and pinyon, straight up and down broken, barren ridges which no man, you imagine, has ever explored before. And when, from the foothills of the Sangre de Cristos you look down on Santa Fé, "the oldest city in the United States," with its legislative chambers, its archaeological museum, its literary and artistic circles, you see only a tiny cluster of roofs and chimneys; a wreath of smoke which your eye discards to follow the mesa, wide and purple as the southern sea. The mesa with strange, solitary mountains like dark volcanic islands swimming on its surface, and snowy ridges melting into the interminable sky.

But man will not let you alone, even here. There are only 400,000 humans in all the 122,000 square miles of New Mexico. Yet they soon project themselves into the picture. Straight through the valleys, along the lower spurs of the mountains, the "American" has built his railroads. His schools, prisons, churches, stores, ranch houses, garages, though somewhat in the local adobe tradition, are, like his "state roads," conspicuous for a certain hardness and modernity. And he, too, is conspicuous as he lopes along, tall and lanky and very confident under his sombrero, or whizzes by in his Buick or his Ford. In the sheltered canyons that stretch down like so many fingers from the snow peaks the "Mexican"—so called, though he has inhabited the land for several hundred years and knows as little of old Mexico as you or I—has hidden his little ranches: neat rows of fruit trees, surrounding flat-roofed adobe houses, colored red or gray like the soil, scarcely distinguishable from it but for an indigo-blue window frame, or a bunch of red peppers strung on the wall. The dress and manners of the Mexican, unobtrusive like his house, have the same dash of Latin color. He greets you with a smiling *buenos dias* as he jogs along on his burro, and draws his broad-beamed, white-topped wagon—where his wife sits beside him under a black shawl elegantly draped—upon an angle of the hill to let you pass. On the roads, too, you may meet a wagon-load of Indians: men with brown, bitten Mongolian faces, square-built, remote in their blankets, greeting you with silent dignity. The Indian's adobe pueblo, thronged and humming with busy life—whether it be spread out, pastoral-fashion, or piled square on square like a child's block house—always occupies an admirable site. Close against the mountains or in some specially protected and fertile stretch of valley he built it, long before Spaniard or American passed this way. His ancestors he says, were obliged for lack of water to come down from the cliffs. But he has never forgotten his lineal descent from the ancient people whose deserted homes, hollowed in the soft yellow stone on the southern face of the mountains, still, from on high, command this incomparable land.

Sitting against the hot wall of such a lonely cliffhouse the other day—a house still plastered and colored within, smoked by a fire extinguished thousands of years ago, and littered with fragments of pottery more delicately patterned than any that the Pueblos now produce—we were stirred by the persistence of that queer, traditional, changing thing called human civilization. On the face of the giant country spread below us, which bares its geologic bones so dramatically, we could distinguish the scars made by the patient hand of man as clearly as those blazoned by dead seas and extinct volcanoes: three "civilizations" as sharply differentiated as the strata of the rocky canyon walls. For the newest state in the Union is, by a strange paradox, built on the two oldest cultures of the American continent; and, by another paradox, these cultures are still almost intact, though they have existed side by side for three centuries and have been incorporated in our republic for seventy-five years. Neither the Spanish-Catholic veneer that he acquired in the sixteenth century nor the fumbling "education" supplied by our government since 1846 has fundamentally touched the ancient tribal rites and the communal government of the Pueblo Indian; and he has guarded like so much treasure the great tracts of land granted him by the Spaniards and confirmed by the Treaty of Guadalupe. The Spanish-speaking population, with the exception of a limited number of families of pure blood and dominating instincts, who claim descent from the Conquistadors, has retained not only the Spanish tongue but many of the habits, customs, and religious ceremonies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and also, to a certain degree, the psychology of a peasant class. As for the pale-skinned New Mexican he is still, in a sense, the pioneer of the Santa Fé Trail; still, in the presence of these far more ancient inhabitants of the land, the conqueror, the "white man," the "American."

Beside us, basking in the sun against the cliff, sat one of the wisest of the ancients, an Indian with a Spanish name (baptized by the priest in infancy, like his fellows), who wore his hair tied in beaver skins on either side of a sad, benignant old face. The excavations were on his tribal land. He had assisted in them and had guided us here from his "governor's" office in the pueblo in the valley. Before we left there he had showed us, hanging on the wall, two ebony silver-handled canes which marked his due succession; one presented by an early Spanish potentate, the other —which gave us pause—bearing the inscription: "Abraham Lincoln to ——, 1863." The old man seemed to be thinking anxious thoughts as he gazed down into the canyon, where

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the northern shadow of every black pine was a sparkling patch of snow. His eyes were drawn up into two points like a worried setter dog's.

"Señor," we said, "tell us a legend of your people."

"Bueno," he answered doubtfully. Finally he began to speak, tracing lines in the dry earth with one crooked old finger. But the "legend" resolved itself into a sort of dirge, and the burden of the dirge was that the day of proud isolation for the Pueblo Indians was coming to an end. The young men were refusing to obey the governor, evading their appointed duties, carrying disputes into the American courts instead of to the Council of Elders. Many, many deaths from influenza. Land passing somehow into Mexican hands. "If this go on, pretty soon the Indian, he have nothing left—I not know what the Indian, he going to do."

There is an old Mexican with a skin like seared parchment in a certain brown village who feels in his bones the same chill of approaching change. Don Pancho's great-grandchildren are obliged by the new law to go to school. Don Pancho's son-in-law may be ousted from his ancestral acres if a suit brought by the Indians establishes their more antique claim. Don Pancho prefers "Americanos" to Indians though it was an Americano who seized his own ranch years ago. He borrowed fifty dollars on it for funeral expenses when his wife died, and the American claimed it at the end of thirty days. Pancho is nevertheless a patriot, eager to display, in his daughter's best room, a crayon portrait and two colored photographs of his grandson who fought in France. (His daughter abuses her Mexican neighbors, who have allowed a burro to break into her corral, in these terms: "Es una familia de Alemanes.") The grandson's is a rather mystical, unintelligent face, like those of the young fellows whom we saw on the edge of the desert, in the cold dawn of Good Friday, flagellating themselves and dragging heavy crosses on their bared and bloody backs. Probably Juan is a Penitente, too. But Nita, the granddaughter, is a school-teacher, getting a salary an Eastern district-school teacher might envy, and taking a normal course every summer. We found a pretty Spanish-American girl just like her in a lost mountain village, instructing twelve children ("in English, but we translate") for $85.00 a month, and expecting a raise, though she spent only $15.00 on board and lodging. She does not "teach the Catholic religion till after four o'clock."

The American New Mexicans, who in spite of their cowboy airs mostly came from the "East"—i.e., from Illinois or Kansas—once upon a time, also intend to vote for Wood. At least we saw them expressing their will to that effect at a Republican convention where their will was apparently supreme, though their speeches were translated by an interpreter to an assemblage in which the Spanish element outnumbered them three to one. This type of American will sell you wonderful oil shares for ten cents apiece, nowadays, and frankly covets the Indian's alluvial lands—"the government ought to allot 'em four acres each and sell the rest"—which he claims the Pueblos are too "unprogressive" to exploit; adding, in the next breath, that it is a pity we couldn't have seen the war-dance last year, when they were all naked and painted. "Now some darned modern teacher has put 'em into store-shirts."

Thus, during six weeks, the Easterner wanders from cliff dwelling to state capital, listening to voices American, Spanish-American, and Indian-American—pausing at the door of the lawyer who considers the Pueblo a child and a government ward to eternity; at the ranch of the ex-Indian teacher who would educate him in the public schools, and grant him citizenship at once; at the studio of the artist from Chicago who for aesthetic and cultural reasons would keep the Indian and the Mexican as they are; at the offices of the new women's political organizations which stand for "Americanization," even at the expense of black shawls and red blankets—from all this deriving a strong impression that, for better or worse, the era of "stratified" civilizations is coming to an end, and the era of the "melting-pot" beginning. Though there are, even today, less than four inhabitants to a square mile the three races are beginning to tread on one another's toes, and, with the growth of prosperity and state consciousness, with suffrage and compulsory education, and the breakdown of language barriers, have got to learn to live together instead of apart.

The Easterner, who has seen the ugly conglomerate produced by the "melting-pot" in other parts of the country, has the temerity to suggest that New Mexico has a unique opportunity to assimilate without destroying the stored wisdom and individuality and artistic technique of the two ancient cultures. Here, if anywhere on American soil, it should be possible to conserve the heritage of the past without limiting the promise of the future. There is a charm in the Southwestern air which liberates men from oppressive traditions as it liberates them from the fears and inhibitions and sicknesses and jealousies that burden them in narrower places. The *dolce far niente* territorial regime had this of good, that it leaves the new state government free to form its own traditions—free even of the theory that teachers must be badly paid. Vast undeveloped resources, both mineral and agricultural, land enough for everyone to have a comfortable slice, high wage standards, simple standards of living which minimize social distinctions—almost every New Mexican has a horse as well as a ranch and the woman who has lived eleven years in Paris works as hard at her plowing as her humblest neighbor—here are some of the conditions of an ideal community.

When a bird or an animal dies in the desert it does not decay. It slowly desiccates. Perhaps the hoary civilizations of this infant state, especially the Indian, are doomed to some such gradual desiccation in the hot sun of progress. If they ever reach the point of being only dried bones to amuse the tourist or even inspire the artist they will, rightly enough, be picked up and classified in the Santa Fé Museum. But at present they are full of a coursing vitality, as anyone who has seen a Mexican wedding-dance or a corn-dance at San Felipe on May 1 can testify. The New Mexican of all three inheritances should be the richer for them. He is a very lucky fellow. Where else in the world, within easy reach of farm, city, and university can the average citizen watch, on dusty plazas whose beauty is a sort of composite of Greece and Egypt and Palestine, against mountains which Gauguin should have painted, dances whose rhythms and colors and symbols are as old as the cliffs and the spring, yet as modern as the Russian Ballet? Where else in the world is it possible to distinguish so clearly the relative importance of folk-lore, alfalfa, and oil wells? If the New Mexican ever loses his sense of proportion he has only to gallop half a mile into the hills to measure his petty affairs against the giant indifference of nature; to learn, in the silence of the scarred earth he is ranging, the primitive and savage meaning of Sun, Wind, Rock, Bird, Tree, River, Mountain, Plain.

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Rifts

By EVELYN SCOTT

Rain in the Mountains

Like inexorable peace,
The mists march through the mountains.
One by one the grim peaks sink into the cold arms of the unspoken.
The little town with the pink and white houses
Looses its hold on the ridge of hills
And floats among cloud tops.
A shaggy donkey, cropping grass in the sequestered church yard,
Walks, with a leisurely air,
Into a wind driven abyss.

Hectic

Ruby winged pains
Flash through me,
Jewel winged agonies:
They vanish,
Carrying me with them
Without my knowing it.

Lagniappe

You in the placid garden,
You with the death sweet smile,
Before you speak of love to me
Go out and hate a while.

The kind devil
Has a tolerant grin.
He flings the golden gates out wide
And lets poor people in.
He warms them in his bosom
And guards their pain.
He shows them hell fields that are bright
And skies gentle with rain.
But up in paradise
The stern Lord is wise
And Michael with his flaming sword
Puts out the angel's eyes.

Don Quixote Sojourns in Rio de Janeiro

White roses climb the wall of night.
A pale face looks from a window in the sky.
O, Moon, is it because you have seen her that you are beautiful?
Is she happy among the saints?
I placed white flowers in the coffin.
Are they the blossoms that lie scattered along the horizon,
Tangled in your light?

Dim stars drop into the sea.
So you give my flowers back to me, do you, Bella Doña?
I might gather the petals and carry them to Antonietta to trim her hats.
So much for life with a little negro milliner
In the Rua Chile!

Quarrel

Abruptly, from a wall of clear cold silence,
Like an icy glass,
Myself looked out at me
And would not let me pass.
I wanted to reach you
Before it was too late,
But my frozen image barred the way
With vacant hate.

Gundry

There are little blood flecks on the snow.
There is blood in the heart of the white hyacinth.
I saw her pale body harsh as a flash of lightning
Between the grey torsos of the trees.
She had a little child.
She held a little child in her breast.
She went quickly through the dim forest.
I have seen her feet.
They are as white as ivory.
Where she ran there are little red tracks.
And it is not yet springtime!

Suicide

A dirty little beetle peers into motionless eyes,
Transfixed to their depths as by shining needles.
The limbs are taut in ultimate resentment.
A bare sky confronts a bare upturned face.
Like a wheel vanishing in speed,
The corpse,
Containing everything,
Has swallowed itself.

Cross

Pierrette is dead.
Between her narrow little breasts
They have laid a cross of lead.
Her tight pale lips are sunken.
Her fleshless fingers clutch the pall.
Why did she have to die like that,
And she so small?

For Wives and Mistresses

Death,
Being a woman,
Being passive like all final things,
Being a mother,
Waits.

Shining faces grey
And melt into her flesh.
Death envies those asleep in her,
Little children who have come back,
Fiery faces,
Bright for a moment in the darkness,
Extinguished softly in her womb.

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The Poet and His Moment

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

THE poets have broken the old forms that muffled their living voices as with layers of felt. But the force of the original impulse is beginning to be spent; a slight weariness steals over them and they are trying to rationalize the process of which they are a part. Mr. D. H. Lawrence, one of the most gifted of the British insurgents, is the latest to announce that he has discovered the burning secret. He speaks with assurance and fervor and ends upon an inimitably youthful "Now we know!" His contribution to our knowledge may be summed up in three statements. The poetry of other periods sought to render permanent the past or the future, memory or aspiration. The new poetry expresses the "windlike transit" of the immediate and imperfect moment. This poetry, written in free verse, is "the direct utterance from the instant, whole man." We have, in brief, discovered the poetry of the present.

Even on its own ground and without any analysis this theory breaks down. When Catullus cried out "Da mi basia mille, deinde centum!", or a nameless medieval singer "Timor mortis conturbat me!", or Shelley "I fall upon the thorns of life, I bleed!", Mr. Lawrence's instant moment had spoken and life had surged "into utterance at its very well-head." But what is the instant, the immediate present, in this sense? It is, evidently, the poet's field of consciousness at the creative moment. But if, at that moment, his consciousness throbs with a memory or a hope, is not that memory or hope the immediate present of his conscious mind? It is not possible, of course, to isolate any immediate present of the consciousness. But if we could tear such a moment from the accretions of the soul's past, that moment would be blank and sterile. No, into every creative impulse under its temporal aspect pours the whole past, and the poet expresses himself with all he has become throughout the intricate and impassioned years. Everything in him converges toward that creative occasion, and it is for this reason that he can lend a fleeting impulse or a passionate enchantment the energy of expression and the eternal echo that differentiate poetry from ordinary speech.

But we can get closer to theories of the new poetry by saying that they all, and Mr. Lawrence's most notably, confuse the two elements of experience and expression. In the poet's creative consciousness these two elements are blended. But they differ widely in origin and character. The lyrist's experience—the passion of Catullus, the despair of Shelley—is immediate. But his mode of expression is not. Instinctive as its practice may have become, its origin is distant and its growth was slow. The experience is unique, as his own personality is, and hence, in its essence, incommunicable. To communicate it at all, the poet must use symbols—words, images, rhythms—which are freighted as heavily as possible with what he would convey and yet intelligible to his fellow-men. From these necessities and from this central contradiction he cannot escape in free verse or in fixed. He must convert his innermost self into forms which, through the very necessity of being widely intelligible and therefore conventional, all but obliterate the flaming image that was in his soul. Between that image and his fellows he must interpose a symbol, a convention, an art.

At the core of every revolt in poetry there is one aim and only one: to simplify that art, to shift the qualities of that inevitable convention so as to shorten the distance between experience and expression and heighten the force of the poetic impact on the hearer. It follows that all revolts in poetry carry within themselves their sufficient justification, since they spring from the instinctive perception in both poets and their hearers that the dominant convention no longer mediates between them and has ceased to express anything except itself. A new convention must be established, a new agreement upon symbols of communication between the poet and his audience. And these symbols must indeed be more flexible and fluid on the one hand and more naked and incisive on the other. But symbols they remain, materials of an art of expression. They will forever fall short of the immediacy of experience and follow it haltingly and blindly at their best. Words will not become things, nor music passion, nor images the soul.

Thus we find that every poet lives, even while he creates, that "quick of all time" which, according to Mr. Lawrence, has but just been discovered, and that, in the matter of expression, the best we can do is to substitute one convention for another with very little certainty that the new one will be, ultimately and permanently, more serviceable than the old. We do right to deprecate the stubborn flatness of work that clings to an unmeaning and outlived mode; it is useless to deny that a great deal of free verse misses the passionate concentration of speech that makes poetry memorable and strings its visual images upon a paper thread. The substance of Mr. Oppenheim's The Slave was permanently expressed by Coleridge in seventeen syllables of his Ode to France; the streaming cranes in Sohrab and Rustum enthrall an imagination through which the careful brilliancies of Miss Amy Lowell glide like beads of glass.

The achievement and the hope of the new poetry lies neither in a confusion between experience and expression, nor in mistaking a fresh convention for an unattainable freedom. It lies in the new kinds and the new sources of experience that are ours, in the modern capacity to strip both the objective world and the soul of myth and ritual, to feel the edge of things and approach the nakedness of thought. A second-rate modern lyrist has perceptions and insights that the great poets of old either did not possess or were inhibited from uttering. Compare an Elizabethan anthology with one of contemporary verse. The advantage of mere beauty is with the old poets, that of delicacy and variety and range of substance is overwhelmingly with the new. It is the freedom of the mind and not the fancied freedom of form that will add greatness to the new poetry some day. If it has not done so yet, it is simply because no personality powerful and gifted enough has addressed itself to the task. The stage is set. A thousand heralds are blowing their horns of tin or silver. The king delays.

Reconstruction in France
by William MacDonald
in next week's issue of *The Nation*

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In the Driftway

THAT Australian archbishop whom certain super-patriots wanted to have deported, because they said he had failed to rise when "America" was played on shipboard en route to this country, was not as happy in the means he employed to amuse the savages among whom he was cast as was the famous prelate of the balmy isle of Rum-ti-foo. The Australian archbishop, it appears, intended to rise for "America"—which would have been correct—and sit through "God Save the King"—which would have been popular—but, as the music is the same, he not unnaturally got his uprisings and his downsittings mixed. He would have done well to observe the moderation of Gilbert's Bishop of Rum-ti-Foo.

> His people—twenty-three in sum—
> They played the eloquent tum-tum,
> And lived on scalps served up in rum—
> The only sauce they knew.

When on a visit to England he was so struck with the antics of a street dancer that he resolved to learn the art to please his flock. He worked hard and all went well until the dancer suggested:

> "If, when revisiting your see,
> You learnt to hop on shore—like me—
> The novelty would striking be,
> And must attract remark."

But the Bishop of Rum-ti-Foo knew *his* savages better, and drew the line.

> "No," said the worthy Bishop, "no;
> That is a length to which, I trow,
> Colonial Bishops cannot go.
> You may express surprise
> At finding Bishops deal in pride—
> But if that trick I ever tried,
> I should appear undignified
> In Rum-ti-Foozle's eyes."

* * * * *

A FRIEND drops in to say that since Prohibition he has noted the existence of a periodical called the *Soft Drink Journal*. A weakly, no doubt. But some unregenerate persons would still prefer a hard drink daily.

* * * * *

"ASIA Minor Lacks Toilers," says a newspaper headline. As that is the situation in every progressive country today, Asia Minor must be more civilized than some of us had supposed.

* * * * *

OTHER cities may boast of their free theaters for the amusement and edification of their populace; New York has its Board of Estimate meetings to which greatest show on earth a fortunate public is bidden gratis. In one of the latest skits Comptroller Craig opens the piece by acting in what Major La Guardia, the high-spirited President of the Board of Aldermen, considers a very sniffy manner. The Major jumps up from his chair. "The stamp of truth is not conspicuous upon your remarks, sir!" he cries, or words to that effect. "Say that again and you will get what you deserve," retorts the Comptroller in a firm but dignified voice. Nothing daunted by this horrible threat, the Major continues to act in an unseemly fashion. The Comptroller's patience becomes exhausted; in true heroic style he pushes a button. Enter Mr. Kerrigan, Secretary of the Finance Department. "What would you, my lord?" he asks respectfully. The Comptroller motions toward the Major, but he, alas, refuses to know his place. "You're not a member of this Board," the Major cries impolitely. "Get out of here." Mr. Kerrigan not only refuses to go but commits a sad indiscretion. "I'm no wop," he murmurs. It is to be inferred that he has reference to the Major. At least the Major so infers, for he jumps to his feet once more and—oh, heavens—begins to remove his coat, the while begging Mr. Kerrigan to repeat his unhappy remark just once more. The audience holds its breath. Will there be a fight? It prays there will be. But no! Not for nothing (though some people may have supposed so) is New York's Mayor also allowed to attend Board of Estimate meetings. He waves his hand. "Be quiet, boys," he whispers gently. And all is well.

* * * * *

FOR every schoolboy's curse flung at Caesar, the immortal Julius must have indulged in at least three laughs for the way he has been translated. And yet he probably wrote his "Commentaries" with no more malice aforethought than do the writers of our sporting news today. Gradually our great dailies will be printing a glossary after their sporting pages; gradually the glossaries will become more and more cumbersome; and the end will plainly be that instead of the schoolboy of day after tomorrow sweating over Orgetorix and Ariovistus, he will sigh not too softly over thirty-five lines of Babe Ruth's Campaign Against the Mackmen, and by that time Babe, requiring translation, will have ceased utterly to be a hero. For example, how will the following passages be rendered 2,000 years from now: "The second imbroglio was rather more easy, the Manhattanites pounding Scott Perry, Connie Mack's twirling ace, and several other home twirlers," or "The Athletics uncoiled a little spurt, became familiar with Quinn and scored two runs before the deluge was stopped," or "Quinn whiffed and Peck drew a walk"? The last one will undoubtedly be a frightful sticker and its rendering may even rival the famous "translation" of *Arma virumque cano, Troiae . . . venit*—"a man came to Troy with a dog and a gun."

THE DRIFTER

Loyalty

By DAVID GREENHOOD

> I shall meet you in hell tonight
> On the corner of Judas and Cain;
> Wear your cloak of green and white
> To cover the scarlet stain.
> Should you remember the old tune
> We held when the dance was done
> Hum it sweet to the first poltroon
> You see from Templeton.
> I shall hear the familiar humming
> When I reach the smoldering shore,
> And you will know I am coming
> By the pink glint on my oar.
> Oh, I should piously never care
> If Christ should see your breast,
> And look upon the roses there
> That I myself have blest—
> But keep your cloak around you tight
> Lest Satan see your Brand,
> Your stainless cloak of green and white
> Till I guard you with my hand.

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Correspondence

Frenchmen Admit It

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note on page 854-a of *The Nation* of the issue of June 26, 1920, the publication of my letter of May 25 with a note by the Editor. In view of your failure to name any French guns which were within easy range of any of the steel furnaces in the Briey Basin, I conclude that you admit what I was confident was the fact, namely: that there were none, and that therefore the statement in your issue of April 3, 1920, that "The great steel furnaces of the Briey Basin, operated by the Germans during their occupancy, lay within easy range of French guns for four years," was an error.

New York, June 26 HERBERT PARSONS

[We regret that we are not sufficiently familiar with the positions of French batteries during the war to "name the guns." We gave authorities for the general statement and referred to the *Journal Officiel* for details. We think it hardly likely that MM. Engeraud, Ernest Flaudin, Barthe, Gustave Téry, and Senator Henry Bérenger are all in error.—EDITOR.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of June 26 Herbert Parsons writes questioning your editorial statement, "The great steel furnaces of the Briey Basin operated by the Germans during their occupancy, lay within easy range of the French guns for four years," and implying the impossibility of the recapture of the French basin containing seventy per cent of all France's iron ore and yielding to the Germans 14,000,000 tons during twenty-seven quiet months.

The only guns, Mr. Parsons says, "if there were any guns," that could reach any of these furnaces were railroad guns and they were useless, he says, because of the dispersion of fire. Aero bombing, he adds, was impractical because of the element of danger involved!

However well these reasons for leaving the enemy unmolested while he makes shells for your destruction may satisfy students of military tactics and the aces in the American air squadrons, it does not refute the charge of collusion between the mineral and munitions interests of the two continents made by Clarence Streit in his pamphlet "Where Iron is, There is the Fatherland," just published. In fact Mr. Parsons' authoritative statement simply adds to the facts already collected by Deputies Barthe and Engerand and M. Gaudine de Villaine.

How can we explain the phenomena that guns were either unsuited (according to Mr. Parsons) or unused (according to the editor of *The Nation* and Clarence Streit) when a locality admitted by French, German, and American tacticians to be the Achilles heel of the front lay within twenty miles of Verdun?

New York, June 25 GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Who Won't Buy Can't Work

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I used to read in my beloved *Transcript* that production was the great need of the day, and that the workers were very naughty because they sometimes stopped work to ask for more wages. I now read in my beloved *Transcript* that most of the New England woolen mills have been closed because the slump in the wool market makes production "unprofitable"—whatever that may mean. And I haven't noticed any Hymn to Production in my beloved *Transcript* for weeks. I suppose the workers are very naughty now because they won't buy. Buying is the great need of the day. But it is complicated, isn't it?

Boston, Mass., June 26 ELLIS OGLE

American Property in Germany

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with amazement and shame the article in *The Nation* of June 19 on "Mr. Palmer as Alien Property Custodian." I had known that the private property of Germans in America had been confiscated, in violation of all principles of international law, but I had not known of the barefaced lies that were told to justify these confiscations. I had lived in Germany several years when the war broke out; I lived there during the first two and a half years of the war, and was again in Germany from the latter part of November, 1918, until spring. I knew personally the head of every American business concern in Berlin, and many in other parts of the empire. My acquaintance with the members of the American colony in Berlin was extensive.

When America came into the war, these businesses were placed in so-called *Zwangsverwaltung*. Not one was confiscated, so far as I have been able to learn, nor was any one weakened or crippled in any way as a result of the deliberate acts of German administrators. On the contrary, every effort was made to continue the businesses and refrain from any unnecessary interference with the plans of the American owners. A typical instance is that of a large concern in Berlin. Its owner was Canadian born, but had for years been regarded as an American. When America entered the war he was arrested and interned at Ruhleben, but was soon released and permitted to leave Germany. He returned to America and secured his naturalization papers, while his wife, a woman of great ability, remained in Berlin to conduct the business. She told me in January, 1919:

"We have had a *Zwangsverwalter* (government administrator) in the office since America came into the war, but he hasn't interfered with the conduct of the business in any way. He has kept watch of the books, but every decision in regard to the carrying on of the business has been left in my hands, and he has even permitted me to fix the amount which I wanted to take out for my personal use each month. He has never even ventured to suggest a reduction of the figure named by me." This is a typical example of the way in which the *Zwangsverwaltung* was conducted in all American businesses in Germany.

Mr. Palmer's assertion that Germany "has sold the property of American and neutral residents in Germany, down to household goods and wearing apparel," is without foundation. I assert confidently that no one single instance of the kind occurred. The only confiscation of Americans' property as a result of the war was by act of their own government, which destroyed or seriously interrupted the businesses or careers of scores of its citizens by sequestering their property in America and threatening to confiscate it if they remained in Germany. I can name eight men and women who were thus condemned to serious deprivation and, in one case at least, to actual poverty by the action of their own government, and there are many more. Two elderly women, in the sixties, delicate, refined, and unused to physical labor, enjoyed from American investments a small income, but one sufficient to support them in their home in Berlin. By sequestering their property, their own government forced them to return to America. Both are today working as saleswomen in New York stores. Their letters to me indicate that their patriotism has not been appreciably strengthened or deepened as a result of the treatment to which they were subjected. They are but two of scores of victims of this sort of thing.

I had hoped that that love of justice which we are taught to consider a special American trait would some day right all these wrongs. But as I see preparations being made to loot Mexico and to perpetuate the rule of the country's great industrial and financial masters, I begin to despair.

New York, June 22 K.

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Satisfactory Punishment

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You will remember that a short time ago I sent you a small pamphlet, written by a political prisoner, who is out on bond, a Mr. Kane. In that article he tells of the sufferings of a certain McCoshen at Leavenworth. Now I have received a letter from McCoshen, who is out on bail. It is typical of other letters I have had and I am anxious to inform liberal-minded people of these conditions.

Reading, Pennsylvania, June 10 Marie Rhein

Dear Friend:

I received your letter of the twenty-first and also several cards. I assure you that receiving letters by one who is penned up as is the convict is a pleasure such as only those who have been so unfortunate can understand fully. Being a political prisoner in this or any other country is not all fun—it's hell. I am now out on bonds, pending the appeal; the organization raised the bond money and I assure you that I am ever so grateful. I feel, however, that there are others in that damnable pest-hole, Leavenworth Penitentiary, who should be gotten out instanter—Bert Lorton and Ed. Hamilton are and have been held in isolation under conditions that are inhuman. The latter has been set upon by thugs at the behest of Deputy Warden Fletcher and beaten most unmercifully. Neither Lorton nor Hamilton are allowed to express, through the only means of communication with the outside permitted them—their letters—that which they have been forced to bear. It seems to me a crying disgrace to the workers that other workers should be languishing in jails, for lack of get-up-idness on the part of many groups of men.

I would have answered your letters sooner but for a condition which began on November 25 and came to an end on May 28, when I was liberated on bail.

On November 25 I was notified that the deputy warden had changed me to the "rock gang," i. e., I was to break rock. I refused, demanding of the official why I was transferred. He stated that in view of the fact that I had been sent to the penitentiary as a political prisoner, I was to be placed where a closer watch could be kept on my activities. Did I break rock? I should say not. As a result of this refusal—though I appealed to the warden for an audience, which appeal he saw fit to ignore—*I was placed in solitary confinement on bread and water* and told that I would have to bow in submission to the official's whim before I would be released from the dungeon into which I had been thrown. As time wore on and I showed no signs of giving in, the deputy placed me on regular prison fare, *but had me strung up by the wrists to the inner door of the dungeon* of which I was the sole occupant. I was on the bread-and-water diet forty-one-days during the time of my solitary confinement from November 25 to May 28. The balance of the six months and five days, I was strung up by the wrists, denied reading, writing, smoking. In fact I was not permitted to communicate with the outside at all, I was held strictly *incomunicado*. Remember that all of the time I was in isolation, six months and a few days, the electric light in the dungeon into which I had been cast continued day and night to flood the otherwise dark and damp inclosure, with no rest for the eyes; the object was, of course, to bring about mental collapse. Besides all that I was exposed to the daily insults of the thugs whom the officials place over those in isolation. These are convicts, chiefly life-termers, who are fed on an extra quality of "grub."

Kansas City, Kansas, June 4 E. J. McCoshen

[The American Civil Liberties Union has received the following interesting letter from the Department of Justice with regard to their policy of prison administration:—

"In reply to your letter of the 4th inst., you are informed that one of the punishments prescribed in Federal penitentiaries for refusal to work is solitary confinement with the hands manicled to the bars of the cell during regular working hours.

The Department is entirely satisfied with this form of punishment and contemplates no change.

R. P. Stewart, *Assistant Attorney General*"

Washington, June 8 Editor.]

Piety at Yale and Cornell

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You may have noticed that last month Yale University removed all restrictions on undergraduate Sunday athletics, a notable step in advance for which the New Haven authorities are to be warmly congratulated. This reminds me of the conduct of Andrew D. White when he was shaping the policy of Cornell University in its natal days, and when he used to say in connection with these "Sunday observances," that he took as the example *not* to follow "my two alma maters, Hobart and Yale."

But the last time I was at Cornell, the library, gymnasium, swimming-pool, tennis-courts, golf links, baseball field, etc., were not only closed on Sunday, but at the entrance to the library was posted a copy of a formal resolution of the board of trustees enforcing these regulations. This was during the lifetime of Andrew D. White and even while he was living on the campus. If departed beings live again and watch our doings here, I venture to say that Andrew D. White is not a little nettled to see Yale leading in liberality and Cornell returning to the blue laws of this same Connecticut!

Let us hope that the new president, whoever he may be, will go back to the earlier and better traditions of Ithaca.

New York, June 5 Theodore Stanton

"Where'd You Get That Stuff"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To such readers of *The Nation* as may be especially interested in American speech I submit what is to me the newest cycle of slang. Not that I feel that the new contribution is to be at all permanent. The contrary is more likely than usual to be true, because the expression is capable of taking so many forms that it will doubtless soon die from overwork. But it is rather more than usually interesting through the strange mixture of pun and figure which defines it, requiring exceptional ingenuity in its invention. Again, unlike the almost obsolete "I should worry," the moribund "I'll say so," the new slang is effective through its content and not so much through the manner in which the phrase is spoken. The appearance of the first of the following in a theme in freshman composition led me to an investigation which produced the variations given.

You say it, goldfish; you've been around the globe.
You tell 'em, Sahara; you've got the sand.
You tell 'em, pieface; you've got the crust.
You tell 'em, cordovan; my tongue's in my shoe.
You tell 'em, rouge; my lips-stick.
You tell 'em, Victrola; you've got the record.
You tell 'em, coffee; you've got the grounds.
You tell 'em, little stream; you've been through the mill.
You tell 'em, toothache; you've got the nerve.
You tell 'em, cabbage; you've got the head.
You tell 'em, onion; you're strong.
You tell it, Chinaman; you've got the cue.
You tell it, Wells-Fargo; I can't express it.
You tell it, sugar; you're refined.
You tell it, fishpole; you've got a good line.
You tell it, banana; you're one of the bunch.
You tell it, fence; you've been around a lot.

Ann Arbor, Michigan, June 15 B. G. Grim

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Books

A Photograph of the Great War

A Brief History of the Great War. By Carlton J. H. Hayes. The Macmillan Company.

IF, as Professor Hayes admits, it is far too early to attempt a "definitive" history of the Great War, he himself has supplied so magistral a narrative as to approach the ideal and almost to overtake it. In mastery of detail, in perspective, in proportion, in perspicuity, in philosophic grasp of his subject as a whole, he outclasses all rivals, whether they have written in English, in French, or in German. Even his faults, such little ones as may be picked out here and there, are but the excesses of his virtues. Thus, in his desire to make everything perfectly clear, he verges on the pedagogical. Like Meissonier, he paints in not only the features of the men in his picture but the very buttons on their coats. But doubtless the public which rejoices in advertisements of "fool-proof" automobiles and "absurdly simple" razors will welcome any explanations, however elementary. Possibly some readers may find his perfect objectivity colorless; for neither the abomination of desolation nor the heroism of the peoples, neither the Punic faith of the Germans nor the Carthaginian peace by which they were crushed, arouses in him the faintest ripple of passion. Certainly, by his lucidity and his impartiality he has attained a result unsurpassed by the poets and thinkers who have written on the war, by Sassoon or Barbusse, by Keynes or Bertrand Russell. Apparently innocent of literary artifice, he has drawn a picture impressive by its sheer clarity, a picture that has not the color and poetry of a painting but that has the fidelity of a photograph.

One hardly knows whether to admire most the richness of Professor Hayes's knowledge or the sobriety with which it is held in restraint. Things old and new are brought from the treasure never for display and only when needed. Vast reserves, never called into the firing line, hover in the distance so unobtrusively that only the attentive reader feels their existence at all. What the author offers is not only a history of the war, ample as that is, but a history of the world during five momentous years. The Sinn Fein rebellion, the Russian revolution, the play of American and European politics, are all set forth in masterly outline and in their proper relation to the main theme. The war itself is treated with the last lucidity. Though the writer scorns to add a single thrill or throb to an unembroidered narrative, he has registered a reality causing the reader to feel, more here than anywhere else, that the struggle was, to repeat Wellington's characterization of the battle of Waterloo, "a damned near thing." How Germany unfolded her unimagined might, how she held France and England with her left hand while she pounded Russia to a pulp with her right, how she almost stunned Italy and all but hamstrung England, is told no less faithfully than is told the gradual development of a force even greater than hers, called into being by fear and hatred and conscience, and mobilizing the manhood and womanhood of six great empires and of a dozen lesser allies.

After a statistical estimate of the havoc of the war, with its sixty million combatants, its seventeen million dead and twenty million maimed, with its destruction of wealth measured only in smaller part by the increase in the public debt of the Great Powers by one hundred and twenty-nine billion dollars, Professor Hayes points out the landmarks of a new era. No such cataclysm, he rightly maintains, has ever so greatly changed the face of the planet in so short a time; the world neither is nor can be the same world that it was but six years ago. The most obvious result, the defeat of Germany's attempt to win complete supremacy of world-power, and her crashing downfall, is not the most important of the major changes. The flowering of nationalism, together with the drift towards an Inter-Nation, and the mighty reinforcement of imperialism in four out of five of the conquering Great Powers, the growth of republicanism and of democracy, are found to be the most powerful and permanent political developments. Social shifts not less momentous are the accessions of power to the very rich class and to the wage-workers at the expense of the middle classes, and the acceleration of socialist reform in all its varieties, state, Marxian, and gild. A very illuminating page on the effect of the war on science and education is followed by an estimate of its influence on religion, where for once the author lets his wishes color, though ever so slightly, the otherwise clear glass of his learned spectacles. That the conflict dealt a body blow to materialism, and thus really helped piety, is, notwithstanding the synthetic God of Mr. Wells and the *Ersatz* religion of the "spiritualists," difficult to believe.

A number of excellent maps, appendices containing the Covenant of the League of Nations, the American Reservations, and the Agreement between the United States and France, and a classified bibliography add to the value of the work. It can be read with instruction, and should be kept for reference, by all students of the subject.

PRESERVED SMITH

Primitive Society

Primitive Society. By Robert H. Lowie. Boni and Liveright.

IF anyone is looking for a psychological formula or an evolutionary shibboleth, let him steer clear of this book. He will see the "primitive" here not as ammunition for a formidable theory of early man, not as a luckily preserved specimen of what we ourselves once looked like, but as an individual entitled to live a perfectly intelligible life of his own, with a perfectly real and tangled set of historical antecedents, with an actual place in a geographical world. Mr. Lowie's robust sense of history and quite tyrannical insistence on geographical fact will rudely shock the speculative sociologist, the social psychologist, the evolutionary anthropologist, and their like. He believes that it is vain to seek in uniform psychological causation the explanation of the course of cultural history; that superficially comparable institutions have often arisen in totally distinct ways; that there are no valid evolutionary schemes that may guide us in the history of human society; that, in short, the "laws" of anthropology are a snare and a delusion. If these contentions are correct—the present reviewer believes they are unanswerable—it means that the old classical anthropology, still current, is not a science but a pseudo-science like medieval alchemy. The brand-new Freudian interpretations of cultural history, incidentally, are horses of the old color. Possibly they will be antiquated before they become classical.

What Mr. Lowie demands of the student of a primitive society is that he study it not as a particular instance of a shadowy rule, but as having grown out of individual and more or less unique circumstances of a historical and geographical order. It is not permissible to lift a social feature bodily out of its living cultural matrix and compare it with a feature similarly lifted from the antipodes. Such comparative exercises may be good fun for doctors' theses, but they do not materially advance our understanding of the history of primitive institutions. If Mr. Lowie thus takes his stand solidly with the historians, he is not guilty of the provincial rationalism which has been as common with historians as with the folk, the tendency to explain every complex institution as a purely local development evolved out of the special genius and cultural characteristics of its carriers. The careful study of thousands of cultural features in primitive levels has taught us that they are generally distributed over wide areas. These cultural areas do not necessarily coincide for different features. Thus, we may find that a myth is spread among the North American aborigines from Atlantic to Pacific and that cognate forms of it occur even in eastern Siberia and Japan, while a technological feature like maize-culture may be distributed over an area that coincides with a portion of the former range, yet takes in, in addition, large territories lying to the south. Such facts of distribution

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can mean only one thing. Institutions, beliefs, implements—in short, cultural elements of whatever sort—arise in circumscribed territorial limits but tend by cultural contact to spread over vaster and vaster areas. Now if we feel in the light of geographical analysis that there is not one chance in a hundred that the origin of a given cultural feature is to be sought in the particular milieu in which it is being studied, what becomes of the mode of interpretation which assumes it as a fixed datum in statu quo?

The now fashionable doctrine of economic determinism is not as definitely assailed by Mr. Lowie as is psychological causation or evolutionism. Yet he takes some telling shots at it. As a universal interpretative principle it is no more valid than the others. In the most primitive levels of society there are ideals of conduct, aesthetic impulses, social usages that, so far from being traceable to an economic root, actually fly in the face of economic reason. In dealing with the question of rank among primitive communities, Mr. Lowie shows how social compulsion may even operate in the direction of economic suicide.

Armed with an unusually keen critical attitude toward prevalent philosophies, Mr. Lowie applies his geographic-historical method of analysis to the main aspects of primitive life. He begins with the family, taking up in order the various types of marriage, the nature of polygamous institutions, the family as a social unit, and the relation between social usage and kinship-terminology. There follows an extended discussion of the enlarged kinship group, the clan or "sib," as Mr. Lowie prefers to call it. An interesting interlude on the position of women is followed by what is perhaps the most valuable chapter of the book, a discussion of primitive notions of property, material and immaterial. The next two chapters are a descriptive and theoretical treatment of "associations," social units based not on kinship, but on privileged initiation. Associations include all those clubs, age classes, secret societies, and other organizations which play a leading part in the ceremonial or honorific life of primitive peoples. The last chapters constitute a kind of primitive theory of the body politic. They treat of the closely interwoven themes of rank, government, and justice.

It is strange how many intrinsically unplausible theories have been put forward by the classical anthropologists, how eagerly they have been accepted by social scientists generally, and how tenaciously they are still being held. It would not be surprising to learn that the great vogue of some theories is due simply to a sublimated desire for sex gossip seeking shelter and justification in the high temple of science. There is, for instance, the theory of ancient sexual communism, so blithely accepted by the Spencers and the Morgans. Mr. Lowie disposes of this in short order. The nearest apparent approach to a state of promiscuity is the "group marriage" of the Todas in India. Analysis shows that this institution is not sexual communism at all, but a carefully regulated special form of polygamy. Moreover, it is clearly a secondary social development, not the survival of a supposedly primitive sex status. The much deplored inferiority of woman in primitive levels is also shown by Mr. Lowie to be either a myth outright or to rest on sentimental expectations that even our own society does not fulfil. The matriarchate, or rule by women, is a myth which probably owes its popularity in no small measure to memories of the antique Amazons. By a quaint confusion of thought the matrilineal mode of reckoning descent has been frequently identified with the notion of a matriarchate. There is, of course, no necessary connection between the reckoning of descent through the mother and the status of woman as such. The hoary antiquity of the extended kinship group, the sib, and the necessary priority of the matrilineal to the patrilineal sib, are two especially favored dogmas. The English anthropologists are still quite loath to part with them. But the facts, as adduced by Mr. Lowie, are clearly opposed. In aboriginal North America, for instance, the most primitive tribes, such as the Central Eskimo and the Shoshonean tribes of the desert plateaus, are not organized into sibs at all, while those tribes which are culturally furthest advanced, like the Iroquois, the Pueblos, and the West Coast Indians of southern Alaska and the northern coast of British Columbia, have matrilineal sibs. Still another currently assumed hypothesis is the recent origin of the family, which is supposed to have emerged from the wider sib. This notion is shown to be quite unfounded. The family is recognized universally among the lowliest savages as among ourselves. The clan excludes it nowhere, but coexists with it.

Mr. Lowie indicates clearly how complex is the actual texture of primitive society. Gradations of rank are all but universal, and among some "primitive" peoples, such as the Polynesians and the West Coast Indians, there is great elaboration of the concepts of caste and social status. The notion of immaterial property, comparable to our patents, copyrights, and privileges of title, is quite exuberantly developed in many primitive societies. Indeed, the property notion is frequently extended to features that we should hardly suspect to be capable of definition as property, such as the use of certain names or the right of singing such and such songs. As regards governance and political organization, it is made perfectly clear by Mr. Lowie that the kin group, whether in its narrower sense or in its enlarged form as a sib, is not the be-all and end-all of primitive organization, but that this type of social unit is usually supplemented or transcended by the village or territorial group as a political entity. All in all, Mr. Lowie's book will do much to render more life-like and substantial our current conceptions of a primitive community.

EDWARD SAPIR

An M. P. in Russia

The Russian Republic. By Colonel Cecil L'Estrange Malone. Harcourt, Brace, and Howe.

HERE is no story of Trotzky stealing spoons in an obscure Russian village while he was a fugitive from Czarist justice; Lenin does not stalk through these pages a German wolf in proletarian sheep's clothing; women are not nationalized; the Soviet regime does not totter for a moment. The atrocities here were committed not by the Bolsheviki but by forces of "law and order," financed by British taxpayers. Trotzky appears as the up-to-date minister of war "conducting wars on immense fronts" with an equipment of two special trains, including staff accommodations, a complete printing plant, and a wireless station. Lenin is spoken of with well-meant but uncritical respect as "Prince Vladimir Oulianov," and the Soviet administration is actually assumed throughout the book to be the government of Russia.

It is the position of Colonel Malone that makes this book a really valuable document. Others have said what he has said and with far more insight, understanding, and wealth of detail; but they have not been distinguished aviators and Coalition M.P.'s. Colonel Malone was, and is, no Socialist. He did not go to Russia to see what was already behind his eyes. He is a military man who wanted to see for himself, and to report what he saw in blunt military fashion. That his chief argument in favor of British recognition of the Soviet Government and the immediate resumption of normal relations with Russia should be based upon the fantastic theory of the possible rise of a Russian Napoleon—"a military dictatorship living by foreign wars"—is of small consequence. It is of the greatest importance that he has reported certain concrete facts from a first-hand, wholly detached, and even skeptical observation.

He found the cities "a little depressing" from a "bourgeois point of view," on account of the lack of "aristocratic scintillations" and the state control of the shops; but order and cleanliness and industry were everywhere. "Telephones, electric bells, lifts, etc., were working" in the hotels. The food was scanty and distinctly proletarian. The opera cast at Moscow, "if a comparison with Covent Garden is a meet standard," was "to the

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amateur lover of opera beyond question in the very highest class of artists." The Health Museum, St. Catherine's School, and the Maternity and Child Welfare Exhibitions served to convince him that Soviet Russia "is struggling to carry through schemes of compulsory education." A trip with Trotzky to the front made a deep impression. He saw the troops at close quarters. "They appeared cheerful and well-fed, and I felt disposed to infer from the expression on the faces of a great number of them that they were inspired with something like hero-worship for Trotzky." Of a review and parade he says: "I could not honestly repress the feeling that this was a really representative assemblage with a definite national spirit offering its representative chiefs spontaneous demonstrations of enthusiasm and support." His visit to a large munitions plant did not uncover "any substantial difference in the running of this factory and those in England." The great power station at Bogorotsk, which converts peat into electric current and is controlled by a Workman's Committee, stimulated the conclusion that Russian industry is now "getting back to a position approximating closely in spirit to that aimed at in this country in the setting up of Whitley Councils." As to the status of women in general, he says: "My own observation is that prostitution is conspicuous by the absence of such scenes as are afforded by any Western capital."

Colonel Malone's book will be popular among sympathizers with Soviet Russia, especially those of a more or less conservative stripe. It explodes the grosser fabrications about Russia without implying too much violence against what cautious folk conceive to be a properly centered world. Its superficiality from this point of view may prove an asset; for no one can deny that it is essentially a superficial study. Apparently it has not dawned on Colonel Malone that sovereignty in Russia resides in the great industrial labor organizations. His picture of Russia is rather of an orderly, all too orderly, humane, and enlightened political bureaucracy, with leanings toward a military dictatorship—not an unattractive outlook to a considerable number of essentially conservative Americans who are classified in popular parlance as Liberals.

EVANS CLARK

Grave and Great-Hearted Massinger

Philip Massinger. By A. H. Cruickshank. Oxford: Basil Blackwell.

THE Elizabethan dramatist who held the stage longer than any of his fellows save Shakespeare was in danger of passing into oblivion until a succession of scholars brought renewed attention to him by confirming the old tradition of his large share of credit for many of the so-called "Beaumont and Fletcher" plays. But even today there is no modern scientifically edited collection of his works such as we have of Lyly's or Middleton's. A valuable result of Mr. Cruickshank's monograph may be, it is to be hoped, the stimulus that it will afford to a reissue of Massinger's dramas. While to the study of Ben Jonson half a dozen books have been devoted, to Beaumont and Fletcher three, and to Webster two, the man who ranks with them has been strangely neglected; this is the first book dedicated exclusively to the study and appreciation of his dramas. The author's desire has been "to treat his works . . . with the attention to detail which modern scholarship requires." He has thoroughly mastered the large amount of material collected in dissertations and technical journals during the last half-century, and within certain definite limits has made an adequate study of which the chief merit is the warm and well-reasoned admiration of Massinger which glows through every page. Especially noteworthy is his justification of his admiration by a succinct and abundantly illustrated statement of Massinger's great qualities: his technical excellence, his eloquence, his courtliness, his graceful and lucid style. His love of the "grave and great-hearted" poet (as Swinburne called him), does not, however, blind him to his defects of exaggeration and of inability to portray character with any degree of subtlety.

To the specialist the most interesting portion of the study is perhaps the examination of the problem of Massinger's possible share in "Henry VIII," "The Two Noble Kinsmen," and the various plays in the Beaumont and Fletcher *corpus*. This is not, however, the place to discuss the matter; it is sufficient to say that Mr. Cruickshank's assignments of credit differ considerably from the divisions made by Boyle, Macaulay, Bullen, and other scholars, and that the solution of the problem now offered tends greatly to reduce the amount of suspected Massinger material in the plays under consideration. The scope of the book is unfortunately strangely limited. The difficult problem of the chronology of the plays is hardly touched. Very little is made of the interesting question of the range of Massinger's ideas, his strongly defined political opinions being not summarized, and the question of his very evident sympathy with the Roman Catholic Church being brushed aside. The most remarkable omission, however, is that of any discussion of Massinger's sources. *Quellenstudien* are the happy hunting-ground of dry-as-dust pedants, but if properly handled they can be made fruitful of instruction. In the case of several of Massinger's plays an account of the sources whence he derived his material and of the way in which he transmuted the original stuff from which his play is made is positively romantic. "The Duke of Milan," for example, reaches far back to the world-famous story of Herod and Mariamne; "The Great Duke of Florence" to a quaint old English folk-legend; "Believe as You List" to the unhappy history of a pretender to the throne of Portugal, whose fortunes were followed sympathetically by Englishmen. Finally, the entire inadequacy of the appended bibliography must be noted; particularly unfortunate is the silence with which, as so often happens in the work of English scholars, recent American contributions to this field of research are passed over.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Chekhov and Andreev

The Chorus Girl and Other Stories. By Anton Chekhov. From the Russian by Constance Garnett. The Macmillan Company.

When the King Loses His Head and Other Stories. By Leonid Andreev. Translated by Archibald J. Wolfe. International Book Publishing Company.

WHEN you hear a Russian discuss with quaint English eloquence and explosive consonants the writers of his native country, you become aware of the futility of anything you have said or thought about Russian authors. And your shame is deeper if by chance you know some other foreign literature at first hand and have had to listen to the insufferable judgments of those to whom it came only in translated form. For a translation is, necessarily, a thin and brittle thing. Every language is soaked in the temperament and peculiar experience of the folk who uses it. Whole ranges of unique perceptions have given to words an incommunicable savor, and strange moods have stolen into the very syntax. And speech becomes creative literature in the measure in which it preserves within the artistic pattern the sting and pang of life. But this is precisely where the translator is doomed to a greater or less failure. He cannot preserve the experience that created the words of his original, and he must strive to strip from the words of his own speech the experience underlying them in order not to make his betrayal complete. Works of a literary convention common to Western civilization escape this difficulty. Render Corneille into the speech and rhythm of Dryden and your result should be authentic. But what is to be done with a German lyric or a Russian tale? So it is no wonder that Miss Garnett's accomplished translations still leave the sense of drained and faded things and that Mr. Wolfe's more various modulation is probably due to an emotional world in his original that is less spe-

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cifically Russian than it is Christian and European and Western.

The Chekhov of these stories is the typical naturalist. He is a naturalist, that is to say, not merely on some artistic theory, but by instinct and need. He is the man whose vision of life has caused him suffering, whose contacts have brought him pain. He has little of the Russian's compassion; he has the artist's cruelty toward those who have pierced and jangled his delicate nerves. His observation has in it both self-torment and voracity. In some country house he has had to listen to the babbling of a "thin, gleeful voice," a voice that "reeked of malice and affectation," and has recorded his suffering and avenged it by turning inside out the wretched Rashevitch. He has grasped the impenetrable snobbishness of some portly fellow with a sensual jaw and a heavy golden watch chain and has held him up to scorn in The Chorus Girl. The streets brought him the old drunkard whom he has revealed in A Father, and a gay roysterer's vulgarity stung him into writing Bad Weather. These stories bite. Their protagonists are stripped of every psychical rag. The keen wind cuts into their naked souls. It is magnificent. But it is also terrible, because the author pursues his victims and yet maintains an aloofness not even broken by his scorn. The novelette My Life has a note of relenting. Yet the kindly nature of Misail serves to accentuate the qualities of the people in that grey and sodden and dishonest town. The two stories that have a touch of gentleness and of the sadder poetry of life—Verotchka and Zinotchka—read like memories of moments that were painful enough to be recalled but not bitter enough to be resented in after years. Such is the naturalist, not—as a popular fallacy judges, yesterday of Zola, today of Dreiser—a brute and a lover of ugliness, but one who, like Shelley, has bled upon the thorns of life and whose apparently cold delineations of the things that have hurt and thwarted and disappointed him are in their motive and origin as aspiring as a sonnet and as subjective as a song. Balzac knew it. "We describe best," he told Madame Hanska, "the things that have hurt us most." The somber naturalistic play and story come from the stricken hearts of poets. It is your thick-hided bull in every china shop of life who writes cheerful tales and is considered soulful by the prosperous.

There are other ways of healing the hurts that life inflicts. Chekhov's way—the way of the individualist and aristocrat—is to make objective and permanent through art the phenomena that have pained and rasped him. Andreev belongs to a later literary generation that arose just prior to the war and developed with amazing rapidity during it. Representatives of that generation are prominent today in every country of Continental Europe. They are neo-romantics and mystics and, in their special sense, democrats. They never deliberately observe, for observation seems to them defiled by either condescension or hatred. They seek to identify themselves with others and to write out of a consciousness that is no longer, in any aloof or personal sense, their own. They attempt to become submerged utterly in the life of individuals or of the race, blending themselves with man, as poets and philosophers in other ages sought a union with nature or with God. And from this striving to lose the self there arises inevitably a new mysticism and a new valuation of myth. These writers, whatever their race or country, deal constantly with the Christian tradition, not primarily on its moral but on its mystic and mythical side. Thus in the long and sultry narrative Judas Iscariot, and in the glowing and quivering Life of Father Vassily, Andreev seeks within the framework of a hectic and mystic Christian experience to plunge to the final nature of the wrongs and sufferings that fill the world. This art has passion and humanity and a strange fervor. But to many its glow will seem the glow of phosphorescence and decay. Take the case of Father Vassily. The priest's fate is pitiful enough, and so is that of his morbid wife. And the upshot of the story is that the poor man's troubles drove him mad. One's objection to Andreev's treatment is that he ascribes a mystical significance to Vassily's struggles with evil and with himself and with his God. The plain fact is that Father Vassily was brought to destruction not by the misfortunes, tragic as they were, that nature heaped upon him, but by the brutalities and superstitions of the social order within which those misfortunes took place. He should have sent his wife to a sanitorium for a year and his unfortunate son to an institution for the feeble-minded. To the neo-romantic mystics with their apotheosis of fruitless self-torment, such a remark will seem quite shallow and almost blasphemous. It may serve, however, to indicate the protest of a rational mind against the new mysticism in art of which Andreev is, among us, the best-known representative.

Books in Brief

THE human heart may or may not be as "desperately wicked" as the old catechism says, but it is surely "deceitful above all things." Every man is the incipient or at least the potential victim of *folie circulaire*. A man cannot spend his life studying one subject without becoming abnormally suggestible by it, and correspondingly blind to other aspects of mentality. How many men have become convinced, after long study, that Shakespeare's plays were written by Bacon, or Raleigh, or the Earl of Derby, or a Freudian hysteric, or an erotomaniac! How many have invented perpetual-motion machines, and have squared the circle! And as for the science of religion, that is the "great Serbonian bog, where armies whole" of scholars have been lost, chasing the will-o'-the-wisp of sun-myths and vegetation-myths, of hyper-criticism and delusive parallels. Spiritualism bids fair to take the front rank in contemporary mental aberrations. The latest victim is Mr. J. Arthur Hill, whose "Psychical Miscellanea" (Harcourt, Brace and Howe) prove that the dead talk to us, that miracles happen, that Joan of Arc's visions were objective, that Christian Science has some truth in it, and that the earth is probably alive—a being, in fact, of much higher order than any animal. How did the author find this all out? Why, he went to a seance once, and heard the spirit of a lady give a recipe for pomatum which, he afterwards ascertained, was actually used by her in this life. There is no reason why stuff of this sort should not be written indefinitely. If, says Professor Bury, you asserted that a planet of Sirius was inhabited by donkeys who talked eugenics in English, no one could disprove you and, after a sufficient number of sufficiently emphatic assertions, a good many people would believe you.

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY has published Volumes III and IV of "The Crime," a translation of "Das Verbrechen" by the author of the famous book "J'Accuse," who is now known to be Dr. Richard Grelling, and whose name appears on the title page of the fourth volume of the present translation. In the first two volumes Dr. Grelling dealt with the question of Germany's responsibility for the war. In the third volume he deals with Germany's war aims as formulated by Bethmann-Hollweg in his speeches of December 9, 1915, and April 5, 1916, and in the peace proposals of 1916 and 1917. The conclusion is that the Chancellor was an annexationist at home and a pacifist abroad—in other words, that the peace proposals of Germany were no more than a clever mask to hide her imperialist war aims. The fourth volume deals with the famous "Belgian Documents" which the Germans discovered in the Belgian archives, and which they made much of to prove the sinister pre-war purposes of the Entente. Dr. Grelling thinks the refusal or neglect of the Entente to make any adequate reply to the German case was a "grave political mistake," and it is the purpose of this volume to remedy this mistake. The author brings a wealth of knowledge to prove his thesis; but the argument is too diffuse and too violently polemical in tone to be of special value for historical purposes, whatever may

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have been its value during the war as political tactics. For the future the chief merit of these volumes will consist in the numerous documents which they contain.

IN August, 1914, geography suddenly became a matter of momentous interest. Floundering in a sea of unfamiliar names, we searched our atlases, striving to make the unknown parts of the world a reality. "Bounding" states and repeating arid lists of names and facts had not prepared us for an intelligent and sympathetic understanding of world problems. The average American had not been taught the slightest thing about the geographic distribution of the races and the political domination of peoples in Europe. The new geography, as described in a recent article in the *Educational Review*, is "human geography dealing with the earth's surface as the home of the human race. Its fundamental aim is to demonstrate the effect of physical environment on the development of the human species." Perhaps the advocates of the "new geography" stress too heavily the influence of environment on races, but the correlating of the facts of history, geography, and ethnography must result in enlightenment and the preparation of the student for the understanding of international questions and world-citizenship. As an example of the methods of regional geography, using by way of illustration the country where not only detailed studies of many regions have been made but the subject itself has been most extensively developed, the "Geography of France" by Raoul Blanchard and Millicent Todd (Rand McNally) is admirable. It was written after the armistice for the American Expeditionary Forces, and contains many excellent maps.

THE reconstruction fever in England is producing a large number of suggestions for meeting the present situation. Among them is "Factory Management Wastes" (London: Nisbet & Co.), by James F. Whiteford, an attempt to familiarize British readers with the principles of American efficiency engineering, written in clear, commonplace language rather than the picturesque tongue which many journalists fancy necessary to convey business facts to commercial minds. Mr. Whiteford takes pains to avoid the burning social phases of his subject. He writes: "No suggestion is made concerning such proposals as the redistribution of wealth or similar plans of social reconstruction. It is the intention of the writer to discuss the problem as it appears in its present form, under the impression that if there is less waste in industry there will be more money to distribute, which must contribute to the general improvement in the prosperity of the employee, the employer, and the community at large." Nevertheless, after discussing such topics as production control, performance records, and cost finding, he concludes with some observations which are sound from points of view other than that of engineering, when he says: "The cry for cheap labor must cease, for no labor is cheap. As with material and equipment, a low first cost may prove more expensive in the end. Labor must be developed, must be educated and instructed, and must work under proper environment. Also, machinery must be introduced wherever possible. The cost of production must be reduced in order that the cost of living shall not rise in direct proportion to the wage earnings. Cost cutting rather than price cutting must receive the attention of factory managers, for otherwise the industrial problems of today will be succeeded by even greater problems tomorrow. The reduction of costs can be accomplished by the elimination of waste."

WHEN Miss Frances Theresa Russell writes on "Satire in the Victorian Novel" (Macmillan), one envies her her subject—satire as an *enfant terrible* in an age when the word was "Hush, hush!" It calls for ripe literary judgment and the high seriousness of the Comic Spirit. Miss Russell approaches both, but does not quite attain either. She has a better talent for the abstract than for the concrete; her analyses are better than her discussions of actual examples. The reader learns much from her pages by gleaning over wide territory, but he drives behind an inexorable chauffeur who whirls him past alluring byways and leafy vistas. Names and ideas spin by like telephone poles. The author has a nice ear for the turn of a sentence, but she cannot train sentences to speak together. The method is that of the doctor's thesis. On a sheet of coordinate paper, lay out along one dimension a score of divisions and subdivisions of satire, and on the other twenty authors; then kick your pebble into every square in exact order without a miss, and the game is yours. To the civilian the result seems always to bristle with barbed wire entanglements, and he is constantly getting lost in the mazes of communication trenches. Here are fields too pleasant for the uses of war; one would be glad to forget the enemy and take an aimless ramble. The reader tires of good literary material drilled in squads and platoons, and longs for the sound of "At ease!"—or, better yet, "Dismiss!"

IN "Child Welfare in Kentucky" (National Child Labor Committee) the object of the authors has been to show conditions as they are, to offer criticism on the basis of these facts, and to make suggestions for constructive reform. This has been admirably carried out. The investigators who, at the request of Kentucky agencies, made the surveys of health, schools, rural life, child labor, recreation, juvenile courts, and law and administration, have concluded that "Kentucky neglects her children." This will surprise no one who is familiar with conditions in that State or elsewhere. Kentucky is supported in this neglect by precedent and example. In general, "If numbers count, child welfare in Kentucky is primarily the problem of the country child. Yet the city child has thus far been the chief interest of both public and private effort. . . . One-fifth of the children are getting nine-tenths of the State's attention. . . . The State's treatment of children is out of joint with the times." In particular, the State child labor and compulsory education laws, unsustained by local public sentiment, are commonly and openly violated. In certain of the courts, "young children are being deprived of all the protection which the juvenile court law was designed to give them, simply to save the county treasury a little money." School taxes are so low that only the most meagre educational opportunities are open to children in the rural districts. More than 6,500 children over ten years of age are illiterate. Many diseases spread uncontrolled; the death-rate for tuberculosis is much higher than the average for the United States registration area, and second highest of the States in that area. Organized recreation has in few places been regarded as anything but a luxury, and the commercial amusements, sought as outlet for the play instinct of children, are frequently of the most vicious and perverting sort—as, for instance, the travelling street carnivals. The report, however, does not confine itself to censure. The spirit, notably in the introduction and in the report on recreation, is forward-looking, tending to stimulate the awakened and rapidly growing constructive spirit in the people of the State.

"THE Worker and his Work," by Stella S. Centre (Lippincott), is a text for high schools designed "to meet the needs of boys and girls who feel the urgent necessity of selecting the right vocation." It is a book of prose selections from present-day writers, ranging from H. G. Wells to Harold Bell Wright, interspersed with a few bits of very mediocre verse. This latter fault is the more remarkable, considering what a wealth of contemporary poetry is at hand to draw from—Giovannitti, Sandburg, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, to name a few poets at random. The ethics of the book, presumably, is given in the motto set on the title-page: "In the handiwork of their craft is their prayer"; but this Carlyle-Ruskin-Morris philosophy does not get much further than the introduction. The selections themselves leave a confusing and contradictory impression.

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For example, Cigar-Making, by Henry Sydnor Harrison, is a tale of exploitation of the workers, whereas Unexpected Developments, by Peter Bernard Kayne, is a story of a swaggering buccaneer who wins in a game of cut-throat competition. The book is evidently an attempt to make use of an excellent idea now being developed in certain lower division colleges: the idea that English courses should serve to awaken interest in present-day life through the medium of contemporary literature. But it has been found that such attempts end in confusion unless there is interwoven with the pure literature some discussion of elementary economics, sociology, and ethics in attractive literary form. Before such books as the present one can be successful, there must be more intelligent organization; the illustrative selections must be set in a framework of exposition.

ANYONE who expects Sir Douglas Brownrigg's "Indiscretions of the Naval Censor" (Doran) to be indiscreet will be disappointed. Nor does the Admiral give away any secrets at all. Most of us knew that Mr. Churchill was rather a slave-driver and that Admiral Sims was rather communicative concerning the mysterious Q-boats during the war. We knew the way in which news of the Jutland Battle filtered through, and the controversy caused by the manner of its announcement at the time. Where the Admiral does become interesting is in his intimate account of life at that ramshackle building known as the British Admiralty. From that maze of passages, so confused that a key-map has to be placed at every turning, from the funny little plaster statue of Nelson in the hall, from the darkly guarded map-room, routing room, and the room still known as Mr. Churchill's, there emanated the instructions which meant the weal or woe of a great part of the Allied Cause. Thence also emanated such news as could be given out, and Sir Douglas describes well the eternal struggle between the "silent Navy" and the public desire for information. Had the Navy foreseen at the beginning of the war the publicity that was to ensue concerning its doings, it would have resigned in a body. As it was, the picture and the story and the moving photograph gradually worked their way into the naval comprehension and came to be regarded by it as necessary evils. Sir Douglas, as behooved his office, saw both sides and in consequence had difficulties with both.

Drama

Rolland's "Danton"

THE recent success in Berlin of Romain Rolland's "Danton," produced by Max Reinhardt with a cast of one thousand, in an amphitheater holding five thousand spectators, is a significant indication that Berlin is saturated with revolutionary atmosphere and in a mood to vibrate to the tempests of the French Revolution. The public finds in "Danton" the men and passions of today.

Wilhelm Herzog, Rolland's German translator, telegraphs him: "Ausserordentlicher stürmischer Erfolg. . . . Es war der stärkste, gewaltigste Theaterabend seit Jahren." (Extraordinary tempestuous success. It was the strongest, mightiest theatrical night for many years past.) And a Berlin journalist writes a post card full of admiring exclamations: "What a play! . . . What a third act! . . . We all played it. Reinhardt was unique. Everything was so superb that France was victorious." Still another gives this remarkable description: "You cannot imagine, nor can any human being, the unbelievable success of 'Danton.' I was dramatic critic in Paris for seven years. I was in London; nowhere have I seen anything to equal it. Imagine a theater with a stage 23 meters wide, 5,000 spectators, 1,000 actors. We didn't know where the audience commenced. We were thrilled, horrified, troubled, laughing, crying, excited. Oh! how much excited! The public was so much

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moved that it was no longer the theater but Life! . . . And the crowd in the third act! It was not acted, it was a real revolt. I was there on January 13 at the battle before the Reichstag—that was it! Cries, noises; they rush out pell mell, hurting, wounding one another; then back, five hundred, a thousand, twelve hundred . . . break everything . . . They are told a convoy of meat and grain has come . . . Hola! . . . all is forgotten! Fighting as to who gets out first—a thousand hand-clappings, wild cries, 'Rolland, Rolland' . . . until after the last cars are gone . . . Still outside in the streets the crowd cried and wept for joy."

Evidently the effect was first of all physical, owing to the titanic violence of Reinhardt and his company in the act which showed the revolutionary tribunal. But of the striking analogy in "Danton" to revolutionary Germany there could have been no doubt. "Your play is even less about 1793 than about the new German Republic," writes Rolland's correspondent; "for you tell the truth there to the new republicans. We said to ourselves: 'Well, Rolland has corrected his whole drama this morning, and after the manner of our republic.'" The delightfully convenient interpretation of Christian ethics by the Juggernauts of the French Revolution, the suppression of opinion and other forms of vice, is summed up in a speech by Saint Just in Rolland's second act: "The philosopher Jesus said to his disciples: 'And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.' And I say to you, if your friend is corrupt and corrupts the republic, cast him from the republic; if your brother is corrupt and corrupts the republic, cast him from the republic. And if the blood of the republic, if your own blood flows from a gaping wound, let it flow. The republic must be purified or die! The republic is virtue. If that virtue be stained, the republic ceases to exist." Could anything be more modern?

Romain Rolland has had to await the year 1920 and the German Revolution for a dramatic *succès fou*. Barrett Clark says in the preface to his translations of "The Fourteenth of July" and "Danton" that Rolland "did not appeal to the great public, for his plays have as yet not proved acceptable to them. . . . No attempt at dramatic reform, no theory, no ideal—whatever its eventual worth—ought to obscure the fact that all of M. Rolland's plays are unsuccessful from the viewpoint of production." This is not quite an accurate statement, for as a matter of fact when produced in Paris for the first time these plays caused a considerable sensation with the public. "The Fourteenth of July" was a real triumph as far as the people were concerned. At "The Wolves" (now being given in Leipzig and Frankfurt) the audience nearly came to blows; for the play followed closely "l'Affaire Dreyfus," which was then going on, and several of the heroes of which, including Colonel Picard, attended the performance. "Danton" was given at the People's Theater for the benefit of strikers in the north of France, and the public was composed entirely of socialists. Jaurès made the introductory speech. The real cause of the apparent failure in Paris was a hostile press; Rolland was and is in bad odor among the literary cliques for his unflinching attitude as an independent. His plays have been and are being produced in a number of foreign countries, including Scandinavia, Austria, Hungary, Holland, Russia, and Germany, which ought to be enough to convince Mr. Clark that they do not belong to "that class of hybrids, the closet-drama."

But that there has never been such a success as the recent one in Berlin is evident; and it might be pertinent here to ponder just what does constitute the "great public." Is not the mind of the public, like that of the individual, subject to moods? Today there is chaos in Germany. Unable like Russia to make a clean breast of her revolution, she flounders and will flounder perhaps for a long while. Yet while she is plunged in bloodshed, while crowds of men, women, and children are being shot down, while the people rush hither and yon, uncertain which voice to follow and following each in turn, an audience is capable of reacting in the fashion related above to the portrayal of its own drama by a foreigner. Turgenev said that we do not go from bad to better except through worse. We may wonder whether Germany's worse is not better just now than our bad, whether a public which can act as this one did is not nearer a readjustment to a finer organization and appreciation of life than is our own.

HELENA VAN BRUGH DE KAY

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British Labor Reports on Russia

THE following interim report of the mission sent by the British Labor Party to investigate conditions in Soviet Russia was made public on June 12.

We have been profoundly impressed by the effects of the policy of intervention and blockade upon the Russian people. This policy has been pursued by various foreign governments since 1918, and under various forms, direct and indirect, it is still being pursued today. It is at the root of the worst evils which are afflicting Russia at the present time.

While the stoppage of exports from Russia is injurious to the world outside, the stoppage of imports is disastrous to the interior economy of Russia herself.

The problem of food exceeds all others in immediate importance. We are appalled by the conditions of virtual famine under which the whole urban population—the manual and the intellectual workers alike—are living.

A particularly serious effect of the blockade policy has been the cutting off of soap and of medical supplies. Epidemics of typhus fever and of recurrent fever have swept over the whole country. It is true that a great and efficient sanitary organization has been created by the Commissariat of Public Health. The movement on railway lines is controlled by regulation, and the provision of numerous observation, diagnosis, and disinfection stations. Every train in Siberia and European Russia has to be provided with a special coach for the use of suspicious or actual cases of illness. Large numbers of hospitals have been created both in Siberia and Russia. A great sanitary propaganda has been carried out, through soviets and trade unions, in both towns and villages, and these epidemics are now controlled. In addition, compulsory vaccination has been carried out over the whole area of Siberia and European Russia for the first time.

But, despite this organization, the fact that the blockade has cut off soap and disinfectants has been responsible for the loss of thousands of lives by infectious diseases.

Russia is a rich country agriculturally, but the peasant cannot supply food to the town except in exchange for manufactured articles. The stoppage of imports makes it impossible for these articles to be manufactured in the towns, or obtained as finished goods from abroad. The situation is rendered still more disastrous by the partial breakdown of transport, the direct result of the attacks from without, and the fomenting of civil war on Russian territory.

A partial respite was allowed to Russia after the defeat of the armies of Kolchak, Denikin, and Judenich. Advantage was immediately taken of this respite to inaugurate a great effort towards economic reconstruction, backed by a far-reaching and well-conceived educational campaign. The national energy was largely diverted from military operations to the improvement of the means of transport, the manufacture of articles for peaceful purposes, and the restoration of sanitary conditions. Perhaps the worst disservice rendered to Russia by the recent renewal of hostilities on the Polish front has been the forcing back of the Russian people, against their will, from the paths of peace into the paths of war. We ourselves have witnessed scores of examples of this baneful process.

The appeal for creative work is being once more set aside in favor of the appeal to military enthusiasm, while war conditions provide new pretexts for restricting individual liberty and preventing freedom of discussion. These conditions cannot be changed while war continues.

One effect of the present crisis has been to rally practically all parties to the support of the Government for the purposes of national defense—whatever their differences on questions of internal politics. This demonstrates the futility of supposing that communist principles, whether they be good or bad, can be destroyed by hostile pressure from abroad. Such pressure only increases the stability of the Government so far as internal politics are concerned.

In view of the above facts, we wish to register our unanimous and whole-hearted protest against the policy whose effects we have described—a policy as foolish as it is inhuman. Russia's supreme needs are immediate peace and free intercourse with the outside world. We recommend that the entire British labor movement should demand the removal of the last vestige of blockade and intervention, and the complete destruction of the barrier which imperialist statesmen have erected between our own people and our brothers and sisters of Russia.

As a first step to attaining these objects, the present Russian Government should be unconditionally recognized. It has shown its stability by resisting for two and a half years the many efforts made to destroy it. It has repeatedly shown its will to peace. We can ourselves bear witness to the fact that it has made vigorous efforts to carry on the work of economic reconstruction.

We do not think it necessary to deal in detail with the argument that the Russian Government cannot be recognized and peace can never be made with it because some of its actions are disapproved of by other governments. In our opinion this is a question for Russia herself, and not for any foreign government.

British Labor and the Hungarian Terror

THE summary printed below of the findings of the British Labor Delegation appointed to investigate the White Terror in Hungary is taken from the *Daily Telegraph* (London) for June 7.

The British Joint Labor Delegation to Hungary, consisting of Colonel Wedgwood, M. P., Mr. F. W. Jowett, Mr. W. Harris, Mr. Stuart Bunning, and Mr. J. B. Williams, controvert the statements of British officers and officials in that country, contained in the recently published White Paper, that, while certain elements of the population had been guilty of excesses, no "White Terror" followed the suppression of Bela Kun's Communist regime. In their report, now issued, the delegates bring numerous charges against the Hungarian Government and military, supported by evidence collected on their tour.

Confining their attention to the more recent events, they allege executions for political offenses have been carried out by the military, that men and women have been tortured and ill-treated in prison, that large numbers of persons have been imprisoned and detained for long periods without trial, and that trade unions have been suppressed and their members denied the right to strike. They cite specific instances of torture—for which military officers are alleged to have been responsible—of a peculiarly revolting character. The following is a summary of the evidence on which, in addition to the specific cases given, the delegates have formed the opinion that a state of terror exists:

"The Hungarian Government admits that there is a rigorous censorship of newspapers.

"It is admitted that the trade unions formed under the

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Karolyi Government have been suppressed, and that for the present the right of workmen to strike has been taken away.

"It is admitted that over 27,000 informations have been laid against alleged Communists, and that over 6,000 persons are imprisoned. This latter total does not include those interned or in military prisons. Our own estimate of the total is that, taking the three classes together, there are at least 12,000 persons detained or imprisoned. It is admitted that many of them have been in prison for months awaiting trial, and the overcrowding of the prisons may be judged from the instance of Szolnok. We were informed by the Governor, in response to our comments on the overcrowding, that he was helpless, as he had 350 prisoners in a prison intended for only 50. We were later informed at the Ministry of Justice that the actual number of prisoners at Szolnok was 535. Detailed allegations were made to us that the total number of persons arrested and detained of all three classes was over 25,000.

"It is admitted that there are, and indeed we met, a large number of exiles in Vienna, some of whom are not Communists, and that thirty-nine Communists have been executed under the authority of the civil power since December last.

"It is a fact that Lieutenant Solomon Kiss is now in prison in Vienna, awaiting trial on the charge of kidnapping four Hungarians in Austria and conveying them secretly to Hungary, where they were killed. Two well-substantiated cases of the kidnapping of subjects of countries other than Hungary exist, in which no trace can be found of the victims.

"It is admitted that on April 28 nineteen men were taken by the military from the prison at Szolnok and killed at Abonyi. It is significant that, despite the official admission, two persons to whom we were directed as having knowledge of the affair simply declined to speak. It was suggested that we should visit Hajmasker, the internment camp, but we were informed that after the Italians visited the camp prisoners who ventured to complain to them were most brutally beaten. As a consequence we did not feel justified in visiting Hajmasker."

In view of the evidence supplied to them the delegates believe that there is a "Terror" in Hungary, that the Hungarian Government is unable to control it, and that many of its own acts are of so rigorous a character as to merit the name of "Terror." They are at a loss to understand the statement of the British High Commissioner on February 21 last "that while . . . there are, no doubt, ill deeds done, there is nothing in the nature of a Terror."

It is against a force called the gendarme reserve, which is very generally known as the *Brachial-Gewalt*, that the most specific and detailed charges of atrocity are now made. This force was first formed of officers mainly, with a certain number of non-commissioned officers. It was admitted that although it made raids and arrested and examined persons charged with Communist offenses, which should be dealt with under civil law, it was in no sense subservient to the Ministry of Justice, but to the Minister for War. Regular officers are said to work with the *Brachial-Gewalt*, and the names of the chief perpetrators of alleged outrages are Hejjas, Pronay, Ostenburg, Salm, and Bibo. When certain of these officers were referred to by name at the delegates' interview with the Governor, his reply was that they were his best officers.

Nothing related above can in the delegates' opinion justify or excuse what is going on in Hungary. They were assured by ministers that outrages were becoming fewer, and that the Government was getting control of the situation. They are not satisfied that this is actually the case. They record their opinion that the Terror is not anti-Semite in its origin, but anti-Communistic. That the majority of victims are Jews is perfectly true. This arises partly from the prominent part the Jews took in the Commune and partly from the fact that they are accused of profiteering. The delegates do not think that either the Governor or the Government by themselves are strong enough to put matters right. They do not accuse them of complicity in the outrages. Referring to the statement of Admiral Troubridge—published in the White Paper—that "life is as secure here as in England," the delegates remark that they are at a loss to know why the Admiral penned this sentence.

"The statements made to us by Government officials are that things are much better now than in February, when the letter was written, and so much that is bad is occurring now that the statement of Admiral Troubridge appears wholly unjustified. It is a matter for regret that the issuing of the White Paper containing the views and opinions of British representatives should have created an impression that the British Government is supporting a policy of oppression of political, industrial, and religious freedom.

"When discussing with the British High Commissioner the outrages committed by Hejjas, Pronay, Bibo, and other officers he said that the Hungarian Government could not be held responsible, as he understood the officers and those under them had been demobilized, and committed the outrages as irregular bands under no control. Later in the day we were informed by the Prime Minister and the Governor that the officers named were still in the army paid by the Government, and were the best soldiers. As the status of persons accused of outrages is an important point we think that the lack of knowledge displayed by the High Commissioner two months after the issue of the White Paper seriously discredits the information and conclusions contained therein."

It is contended that the Supreme Council has a special duty to the Hungarian people as well as a sufficient justification for intervening in the internal affairs of Hungary, and that the British Government are more particularly responsible for the condition of the people, because it was Sir Thomas Cunningham who drew up, with Herr Boehm, the terms of surrender of the Commune. The Communists, the delegates add, carried out their part of the bargain, and they think that the British Government are bound to honor the bargain of their representative, and to take immediate steps to stop persecution.

Under Czech Rule

THE effect of the partition of Hungary and of the governmental methods employed by the Bohemians, or Czechs, in Northern Hungary which has been allotted to them by the Peace Conference is described in the statement of Mr. Michael Gyalay taken from the *Budapesti Hirlap*. Mr. Gyalay was the editor of a Hungarian paper in Munkacs which, together with the other Hungarian city mentioned in the statement, Ungvar, is now under Czech rule.

Thousands of Hungarians [in Czecho-Slovakia] are suffering under the weight of the most cruel brutality. Emaciated to the bones from hunger and cold, covered with vermin, completely shut off from light and fresh air, I had spent four and a half months in Czech prisons on a trumped-up political charge, simply because I was born a Hungarian and could not renounce my race and country even after inhuman tortures.

It was in November last that the military police of Munkacs arrested me on the charge of espionage and Hungarian agitation. In the potato cellar which was to be my prison the bitter cold penetrated to my bones. . . .

In the middle of December I was chained with a heavy wheel chain to one Bela Charles Kiss, also accused of espionage and Hungarian agitation, and was transported from Munkacs to the military court at Ungvar, where I was imprisoned until the end of February.

The prison was filled with people of all kinds and conditions. Most of them were Slovak and Ruthenian military deserters (or their relatives taken as hostages for them) and Hungarian political prisoners. Mixed with them indiscriminately were thieves, robbers, and murderers. The Communists were set

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free in great numbers just about that time, but by accident I met there Arpad Horovitz, the former Communist leader of Munkacs, who wanted to hang me when the counter-revolution broke out in that city.

How did the court work? The newly arrived prisoner, if very lucky, got his first hearing after a week or so. After that, no matter on what ground he asked to be heard, his request was refused for weeks by the warden or the turnkeys. Thus it was impossible for him to get into touch with the investigating judge and to see him about his case. However, he could quickly get relief in this regard if he had plenty of money, for the whole court—from the turnkeys to the chief of the prosecuting attorneys—was a gang of bribe-takers. The agents of the judges and attorneys in this business were the turnkeys who told the wealthy prisoners for how much they could purchase their freedom. The willingness of the court to be bribed was a matter of common knowledge.

Thus it was that Berczi, the sergeant of gendarmes of Nagy Lucska, and sixteen of his comrades, arrested for crossing the line of demarcation without a permit, were freed for 1,000 crowns apiece. Lieutenant Zoltan Hazay, son of the Presbyterian minister at Perbenyik, was arrested when he was about to reenter Hungarian territory. They found a revolver, maps, military certificates, and notes on him, viz., there was some ground for the suspicion of espionage; yet the Czech major let him go free at once—without his money. . . .

How little they care for law and justice may be seen from the following cases:

One Arnold Klein of Miskolc tried to go to his native village, Remete Vasgyar, in Ung County, which is now Czecho-Slovak occupied territory, to arrange some family affairs. Although he had all the permits and papers necessary for such a journey, he was arrested on the customary charges. But the court dismissed the case and even allowed him his expenses for the seven weeks he had been held in jail. Still he was not released. After eight days, having bribed the turnkey, he was taken before Major Rousek, president of the court, who, on seeing him, exclaimed with surprise: "You are still here?" The major looked up the record and found that, in the absence of an appeal by the prosecuting attorney, the judgment of the court was effective and the man should have been set free. Klein was then taken to Major Poppler, the prosecutor, who had him thrown out of his office and gave orders not to bring him before him again. A few days later Major Poppler ordered him taken to the police to be transported to Illava [a penitentiary for murderers]. And all this happened to Arnold Klein for no other reason than that, being a native of Ung County, he called himself a Hungarian and said he could not speak Slovak. . . .

Ladislaus Gazdag, a former ensign in the Austro-Hungarian army, returned from Rumanian captivity to his home in Ladmoc. He was arrested, and has been in prison two months without a hearing. . . .

Theodore Szatala, township clerk of Horlyo, has been in jail since November under suspicion of being a Hungarian agitator. He became insane in prison.

A high school pupil named Vozary (son of the postmistress of Kis Almas) has also been in since November for the alleged childish remark that "with a hundred Hungarians he could drive the Czechs out of the country." This was reported by another boy, and Vozary was arrested on the strength of this report.

Sentence is generally pronounced without the accused being present, who learns only from the turnkey that he will be sent to Illava or Spielberg [an old Moravian fortress of dread repute], and for how long a term. The "Council of Three" sentenced me also in my absence.

The jail in which political prisoners were put together with common criminals was not heated. In sheer desperation during the severe winter we burned up three boards of a wooden bench. In punishment the remainder of the bench was taken away, and we had to fast every other day for ten days. The prisoners held on suspicion got the same prison fare as the convicts, with only eighteen decagrams of bread a day. The prisons are never scrubbed and are full of vermin. The prisoners are never taken for a walk or airing; for months they cannot see the sun. Hygiene is something unknown. You may report for medical examination any day, but the physician does not put in an appearance every day. When he does, he keeps at a safe distance from the vermin-covered prisoner, and if he cannot fail to see that the prisoner is very ill, he prescribes aspirin and a heated room. Of course the prisoner gets neither. . . .

In February my condition became so bad that even the turnkeys took pity on me and spoke to the physician in my behalf. Making an exception this time the latter examined me and found that I was suffering from catarrh of both apices of the lungs; remaining in prison endangered my life. He ordered this reported to the court, and prescribed aspirin and a heated room, which I did not get. However, by bribing the turnkeys we managed to obtain some wood and could keep a fire going for a time, whereupon they quartered with us two murderers afflicted with a loathsome blood disease, whom the major did not permit to be sent back to the hospital because they had run away from there. We had to share our drinking cup and wash basin with them.

This is how the Czechs, who call themselves a civilized nation, treat innocent people. I offer thanks to the Almighty for having helped me in escaping the fate that was intended for me—the casemates of Spielberg.

Hungarian Methods in Slovakia

THE following document, shedding light on the irredentist activities carried on by the dominant militarist groups of Hungary, was published in *Az Ember*, organ of the Hungarian refugees in Vienna, in the issue of June 13. Dr. Ilosvay, president of the Irridenta Association, is a Hungarian scientist and former Secretary of State.

Affidavit taken at Losonc (Slovakia), on May 30, 1920, in the office of the secretary of the Social Democratic Party, in the presence of the undersigned.

Alexander Filler, student, at present residing at 4 Kisber Street, Losonc, appears and makes the following deposition, explaining that in doing so he is free from any compulsion or persuasion:

Dr. Louis Ilosvay, of Budapest, managing president of the Hungarian Irredenta Association, enrolled me in the membership of the organization on May 14, 1920, on the strength of an introduction from Mr. Ferdinand Urmanczy, late member of Parliament. My oath was taken, and subsequently, on May 20, the managing president, in his office at 4 Esterhazy Street, gave me the commission to kill, by poison, Mr. Srobar, the Czecho-Slovak Minister [and governor of Slovakia] at Bratislava, and in case of success to do away in a similar manner with Dr. Bazovszky, former *zupan* (county governor) at Losonc. In case of failure it was made my duty to commit suicide, in order to frustrate investigation. I was to commit suicide, also, in case of arrest following upon successful execution of my errand. For the purpose of suicide I was equipped with a hypodermic needle to be filled with curarine poison.

I was also given a phial containing one grain of curarine, a flavorless, odorless, colorless, and hygroscopic poison which, according to the statement of the president, cannot be detected in the human organism; also with three hypodermic needles (one of them was charged, which I did not know) and with three bottles containing a colorless liquid which, if exposed to air, develops a whiteish fume. It has a sulphuric odor and ignites when poured on inflammable material (paper, wood,

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etc.). I also received a free pass, second class, good on all Hungarian railroads, made out for the Hungarian Defense League, and 4,500 kronen in Magyar currency.

I wish to add that the Irredenta Association maintains its office on the premises of the Defense League and conducts business under the label of the latter organization.

In regard to the inflammable liquid received I was instructed to set on fire military buildings, depots, barracks, powder towers, etc., in Slovakia.

I am attaching hereto the poisonous and inflammable materials received, together with the railroad pass.

I have indirect knowledge of similar commissions being given to a number of other men, who were instructed to carry out their orders after the peace treaty had been signed. Of this, and also of other plots directed against the integrity, safety, and peace of the Czecho-Slovak state, I shall before long submit an extensive memorandum.

I wish to mention that I was promised a sum of 30,000 kronen each for the murder of Srobar and Bazovszky, and 10,000 kronen for each military building set on fire.

I have nothing else to state concerning my own person.

Date as above.

Signed: ALEXANDER FILLER, (student)

Before us as witnesses:

Dr. Aladar Lacker
Dr. Alexander Herz
Bela Benko, Secretary of the Social Democratic Party.

"A Scene at the University"

THE following sketch which graphically indicates the present situation in Hungary appeared in the *Pester Lloyd* (Budapest), with the annotation at the end that the incident described is not fiction but an actual occurrence.

Place: a corridor in the main building of the University of Budapest.

Time: last week.

Persons: a Student, a Professor.

The Student is thin and pale, in civilian clothes but with the large golden Medal for Gallantry on his coat. He limps and drags himself painfully along.

The Professor is a celebrity and an ornament of Hungarian scholarship, descendant of an old Hungarian noble family, highly respected throughout the country. He casts a sympathetic glance upon the student but suddenly a gentle smile lights up his face as he recognizes the young man.

The Professor: Oh, it is you, my dear X. I haven't seen you for an eternity. You seem to be lame, are you suffering?

The Student (embarrassed): It is nothing, sir. I am still a little weak but it will be all right. (Lifts his hat and is about to go on.)

The Professor (looking at the student's right leg): What is the trouble with your right leg?

The Student (with increasing embarrassment): Nothing, nothing, really; an artificial leg.

The Professor: The war?

The Student: Yes, the war—amputated.

The Professor (noticing that the student also drags his left leg painfully): And your left?

The Student (reddening): Nothing, really nothing, sir. A wound—machine gun fire.

The Professor: In the war, too?

The Student: No, not that one.

The Professor: How, then?

The Student (much embarrassed): Nothing worth talking of. At home, in our town—you know, sir, in the Bolshevist time—there was a counter revolution. And I was there, of course, with my White friends. But the wounds are already healed. And the doctors say that the leg will soon be as good as ever.

The Professor (pressing his hand with warmth and sympathy): Poor lad! Brave fellow, brave fellow. And what are you doing at the University now?

The Student: I lost seven semesters through the war. I wanted to return. I wanted to——

The Professor: And?

The Student: And I couldn't. The *Brachial-Gewalt* [guards]—quite young fellows—hale and hearty—they don't allow it. I am a Jew.

The Professor's eyes are wet, he turns pale, he reaches again for the student's hand, presses it long and warmly, opens his lips to speak. At last without speaking he embraces the student. Then he breaks away and hurries off.

The Student quietly limps off.

The Professor hurries down the stairs, beckons to a passing cab and has himself driven home. At home he flings himself into his study much upset. His children hurry after him, anxious to know what is the matter. The Professor motions to them to go out, and they leave the room. He sits down to his writing table, seizes his pen, then throws it down. He lays his head down on his hands and thinks for a while. Then he cries out desperately:

"I cannot bear it any longer! I cannot bear it any longer! Such a shame, such a frightful shame!" (He seizes his pen again and writes to the Minister presenting his resignation.)

The Real War to End War

THE International Congress of Ex-Soldiers, held at Geneva, Switzerland, in May, and attended by representatives of ex-soldiers' organizations of France, Germany, Alsace, Italy, England, and Switzerland, adopted the following "pact" as its charter. Henri Barbusse was chairman of the congress and delivered the chief address at the opening session.

The International Congress of Ex-Soldiers considers:

(1) That war is an inevitable consequence of the capitalist regime;

(2) That real and effective combat against war must reach its cause, the capitalist regime;

Consequently, it considers it the duty of the former soldiers to undertake a general war against war in accord with the Socialist and labor organizations which are fighting the same battle. Nevertheless, in this general struggle against capitalism, in which they must unremittingly play their part, the ex-soldiers have a special role and function.

The ex-soldiers agree:

(a) To conduct an intensive pacifist and anti-militarist propaganda to create an anti-war spirit in the masses in every country, particularly among the women, the youth, and the children;

(b) Not to help the "League of Nations" which cannot attain their ends and which they condemn as they condemn similar bourgeois institutions established to guarantee the conquests of the imperialists as opposed to the working classes;

(c) That inasmuch as war is a collective action which individual action cannot meet, they render homage to a refusal to bear arms as an active and worthy form of propaganda, but the International Congress of Ex-Soldiers considers that the individual attitude to be taken at the moment of mobilization must be left to the consciences of its members;

(d) That they regard any mobilization, nevertheless, as ultimately an attack upon the working class of the world, always defeated in every armed conflict;

(e) That they do not intend to substitute themselves at such a moment for the working class organizations to provoke the general strike, forerunner of the revolution and of the conquest of political power by the working class.

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